

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1989

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LOVE AND THE LAW:

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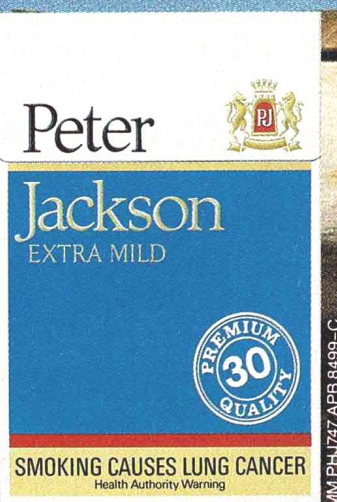
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The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 10 No 1/January 1989



Supernova



The Last Resort



Surf Trek

REGULARS

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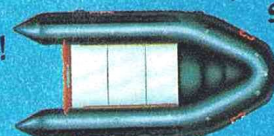
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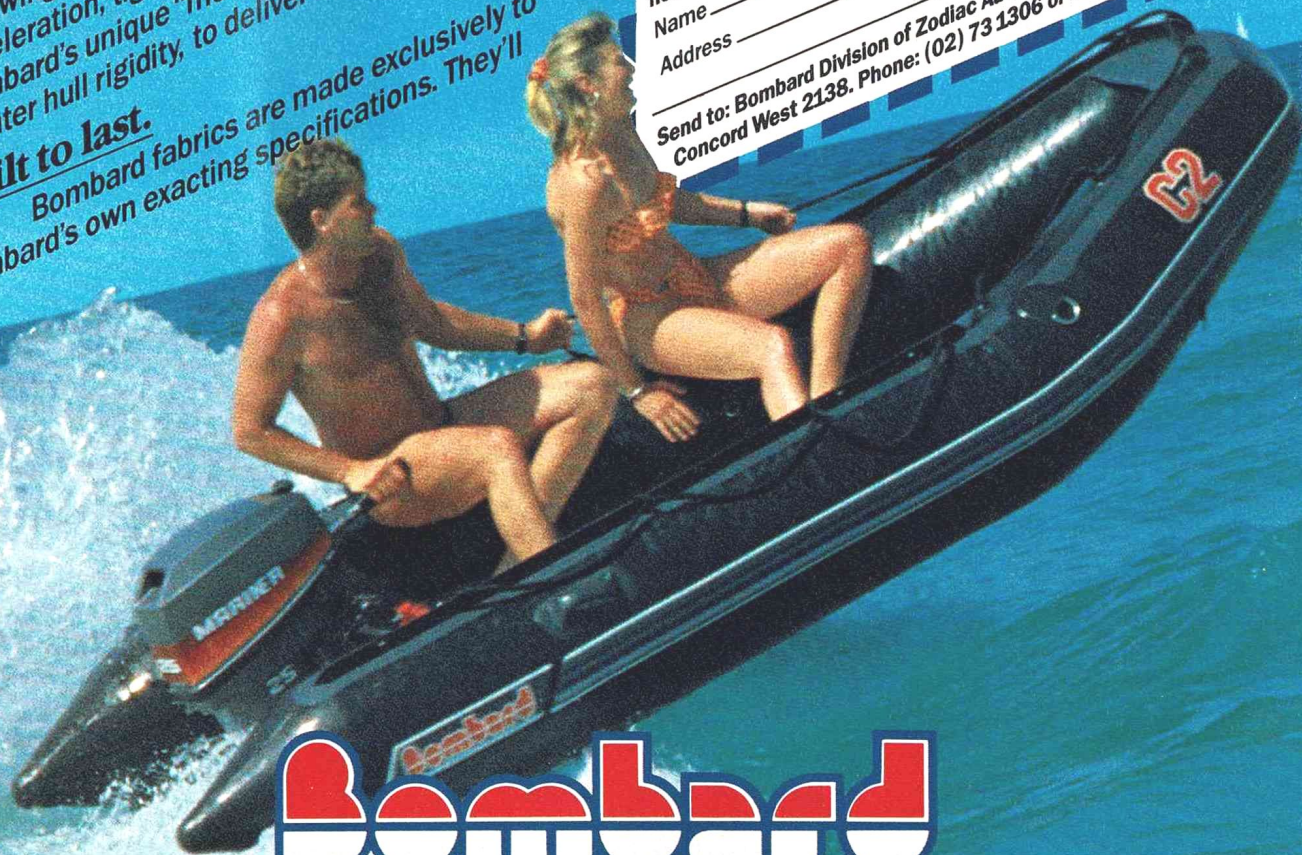
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Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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Phil Abraham

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ADVERTISING

Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; NSW Advertising Manager: Sarah Bowring; Advertising Traffic Manager: Cynthia Ragga; Vic: Bob Gaff, Field Force Media Representatives, 2nd Flr, 159 Dorcas St, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 690 8233 — Fax: (03) 690 6615; SA: Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel: (08) 373 1142; Qld: Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies Pty Ltd, PO Box 247, Kenmore 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6813 — Fax: (07) 202 7133; Japan: Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 666 3036 — Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ)

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Bob Guccione (Chairman); Kathy Keeton (Vice-chairman); David J. Myerson (Chief Operating Officer); Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer); John Evans (Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions)

EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; Art Director International: Joe Brooks; Managing Editor: Claudia Valentino; Executive Editor: Peter Bloch; Graphics Director: Frank DeVino

ADMINISTRATIVE

Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; Executive Vice President: David J. Myerson; Senior Vice President/Production Director: John Evans; Senior Vice President/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; Foreign Editions Manager: Eriko Kusomoto.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel: (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 924 Wedstwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024. Tel: (213) 824-9831.

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JANUARY



NIGEL BUCHANAN



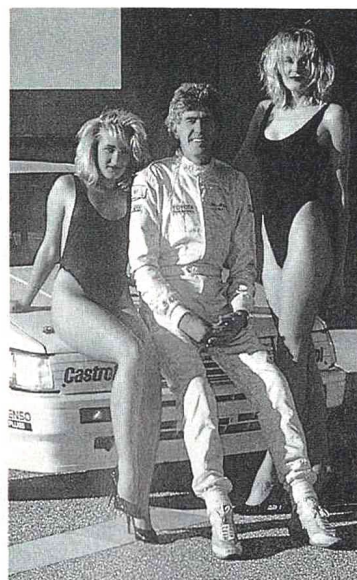
P.D. JACK



PETER CRAWFORD



BRAD ROSS



PETER MCKAY

HOUSECALL

THE LAST RESORT

What Bali has become to Australians, Australia is becoming to the Japanese. And a lot of Australians — xenophobic, maybe — are getting very agitated about Japanese investment and Japanese ownership of Australian business. Just how much of our national cake are these sons of Nippon munching on, and what are we getting in return? P.D. Jack does the hard sums in his inimitable style, and presents the answers on page 34. John Scott contributed the fine artwork.

LAND OF THE LONG BLACK CLOUD PART 2

Senior Editor Greg Hunter documents the manners, morals and mores of the notorious Maori gangs in the final instalment of his series on the critical state of race relations in New Zealand. As the Maori push gathers momentum, along with the Pakeha backlash, the young warriors in the Mongrel Mob and Black Power have become the focus of white fear, anger and resentment. Hunter addresses the issues on page 50. The accompanying photos were shot by Mike Walker.

GOLDEN GEAR KNOBS

The envelope, please. Penthouse Motoring Editor Peter McKay sends the brickbats flying with the awards we'd like to see, targeting without fear or favor the turkeys of the track and the furphies of the factory in 1988. Turn to page 54.

DISASTER SURVIVAL TEST

How cool are you under pressure? You won't find out by doing this quiz, but you will get a hell of a belly laugh out of Steve Collins' six bizarre disaster scenarios. How cool are you in the face of total hil-

arity? If the squashed corgi doesn't get you the brain transplant will. Turn to Jon Berkeley's illustration on page 58.

THE LOVE BITE

Recent changes to Family Law in Australia will mean that men are going to pay much more dearly for the traumas that life is made of. And refusing to tie the knot won't necessarily save them from damagingly costly separations. But there are ways of taking some of the sting out of the blows the Family Court can inflict. Brad Ross, a Melbourne solicitor who specialises in Family Law, outlines how to set up a net before you take the tightrope walk into a double-mortgaged nuclear family. Nigel Buchanan contributed the illustration on page 74.

SURF TREK

Now that Bali is "surfing out" and the top spots on surrounding islands are hosting the overflow of Brazilian, American and Japanese invaders, some intrepid Australian surf Nazis are heading deep into the remotest parts of the Indonesian archipelago, risking life and limb to carve tracks on waves never seen by white men before. Surf photographer Peter Crawford captured the magic and majesty of a recent surf trek, with words supplied by Colin Hinton. Turn to page 90.

BONDI BLUES

Kevin Kelso, Minister for Sport and Tourism, could press 50 kilos with his smile. But it wasn't enough for him to succeed; he had to leave a trail of losers in his wake. Inevitably, one of them came back to haunt him. Superb fiction from John Baxter, illustrated by Christine Haberstock. It starts on page 86.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The Schoolgirl

With regard to the article The Schoolgirl, referred to as "humor" in the September issue of *Australian Penthouse*, the Staff and Management Committee of the Sunshine Coast Rape Crisis Service Inc wish to voice our condemnation of such journalistic bad taste.

The tenor of the article is salacious and its motivation would appear voyeuristic. In many respects it is "illegal" in the sense that more responsible publications would refuse to print such an article or put it to air. In our opinion it is an insult to women and girls.

A defence of satirical and expressive writing does not hold up. This magazine is freely available to all persons, children included.

That it would be published at a time when there is national, statewide, in fact global, concern about the exploitation and abuse of children and women, and when the Evidence Act and Other Acts Amendments Bill is tabled in the Queensland Parliament as a response to the Sturgess Report on Child Abuse and Pornography, reflects a totally irresponsible attitude on the part of both the author and the editor for publishing such offensive material.

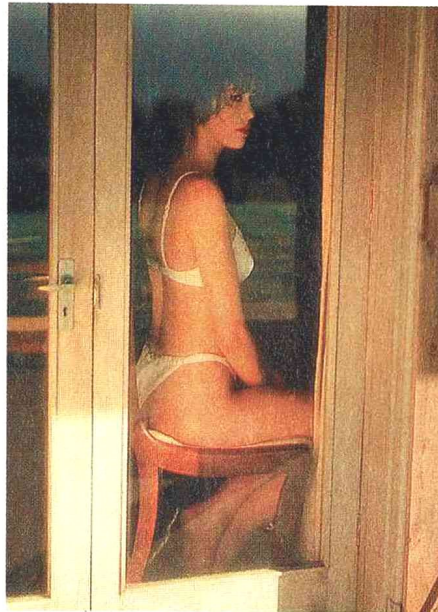
This article tells us a great deal about the mind of the author and those of your readers who may find this amusing. — Staff & Management Committee, Sunshine Coast Rape Crisis Service Inc.

I am alarmed at the increased victimisation of women and children in our society. I think that pornography results in worsening this dark stain in our society. I hope that you won't harden your conscience to this, just for the love of money.

Your September 1988 issue, I am told, contains a joke about seducing schoolgirls. I find that poor taste. Maybe you won't understand the hurt until it's your wife or daughter.

I think you help to promote the hurt and victimisation of our women and children. Please write and comment on my concern. — John Edwards, Raceview, Qld

I bought your September issue because I heard that it included an article on the seduction of a schoolgirl. I could not believe that you could publish such a story until I read it with my own eyes. I must add that I



Rachel Byrne: rare beauty

felt annoyed at having to donate the money I paid for the magazine to your organisation.

I have to state that I consider that story to be the lowest form of gutter journalism I have ever seen. — J.C., Melbourne, Vic

The article you refer to was clearly labelled "humor." The advice given in the story was preposterously unrealistic and obviously satirical. Anyone following it would be most unlikely to succeed in their aims. Penthouse has a responsible record on the subject of child abuse, as shown in the feature story by David Halpin in the October edition, *The Spider's Web*, which exposes the attempts of pedophiles to legitimise their sexual preferences. — Ed

The Spider's Web

Thank you for your article The Spider's Web which should leave your readers in no doubt about the true nature of what pedophilia is — the sexual abuse of boys and girls often too young to give consent to sexual contact. In any event a crime is committed and the victims — boys and girls — suffer feelings of humiliation, shame and guilt years after the event.

The claims by pedophiles that sexual relations with children are normal are both specious and dangerous. Their deliberate

seeking out of young boys and girls — seductive approaches under the guise of concern and affection — is devious and exploitative. I would refer M. Leahy (quoted in your article and one who has apparently taken on the mantle of some kind of expert in the field of child sexual abuse) to David Finkelhor's research findings that boys make up a quarter to a third of all sexual abuse victims.

Whether the objects of the pedophiles are girls or boys is not the issue — that either should be subjected to sexual invasions is an anathema to the vast majority of people. — Sally N. Castell-McGregor, Executive Officer, Children's Interests Bureau, Adelaide, SA

Home body

It was great to see such an unusual beauty in the form of Rachel Byrne in your December edition. Dare I say, there is something of a sameness about some of the perfect bodies that you display. This is not to say Rachel is anything less than perfect, but there was something rare about her. I can't quite put my finger on it — but I wish I could. — T. Simons, Sydney, NSW

Knockout

Your pictorial of 17-year-old Isabel Monro was a knockout. She is one of the sexiest women I have ever seen in all my life.

With her hourglass figure and that great Aussie tan, it is enough to make any man's hormones go crazy. The calendar of her was just fantastic; I will treasure it for ever. Out of 10 I would give her a 100!

Congratulations *Penthouse* for another winner. — C. Chivers, Hobart, Tas

What a lark

One of the first features I read when *Australian Penthouse* arrives is Loose Ends. I was particularly interested to read about the veracity and variety of Forum letters (September *Penthouse*). I have not thought that *Penthouse* editors fabricate letters; nonetheless it has gone through my mind that the letter writers may get carried away with rapture as they describe the larks and events.

But, no matter, Forum is a good read and I hope we will have Forum for many more years. — R.G. Marshall, Bayswater, Vic



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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New frontiers

We had been in town three months when Peter's boss and his wife, Nicole, invited us over for dinner. We had a really nice meal with them and then adjourned to the lounge room for some after-dinner drinks. Bob and Peter were naturally talking shop and that seemed to annoy Nicole. She said that if they wanted to talk work, then they should go down to the staff club. The guys actually agreed as they felt like a game of pool anyway. Once they had gone I offered to give Nicole a hand to clean up. She insisted on leaving it; she said she didn't get rid of the guys to do dishes.

Nicole and I discussed things mainly about our past. The drinks just kept coming and, not being a big drinker, I was starting to really feel the effects. I was sitting on a two-seater sofa and Nicole on another. Upon her return from yet another journey to the bar, she sat on the two-seater next to me. Nicole is extremely attractive; she has long dark hair and a gorgeous figure. I remember the dress she was wearing that night very well: it was black and clingy, really showing off her figure. She was wearing black panty-hose and had kicked her shoes off. A couple of times I felt her foot lightly touch my calf. At first I thought it was accidental, but then I wasn't so sure...

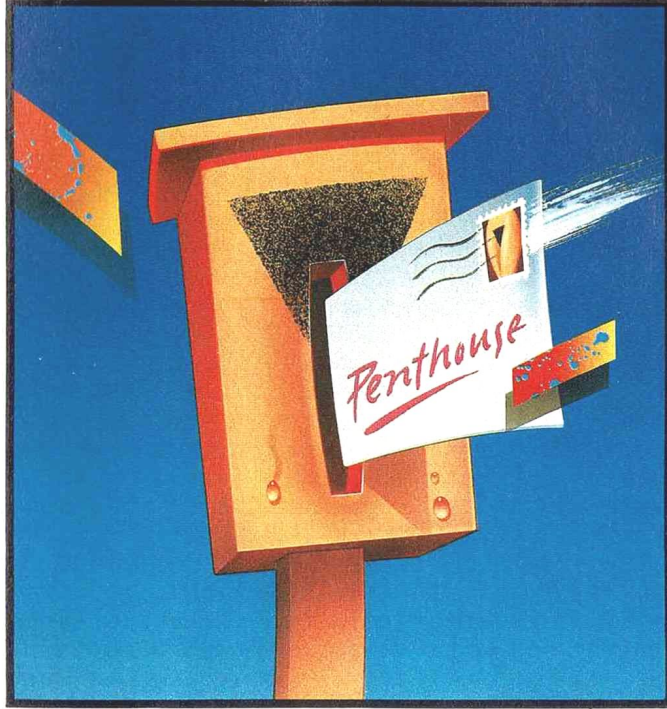
After a long break of silence, Nicole asked what I do to fill in the lonely days. Her foot was distinctly rubbing my calf now, and it wasn't accidental! I fumbled some sort of an answer about sewing and reading. My mind was really working overtime. I had often had lesbian fantasies and even suspected I might be bi. I had wondered what I would do if ever a woman made approaches to me. I was pretty sure that was precisely what was happening now. I was really scared. Not fear, but scared.

Nicole's hand was also fondling the hem of my dress; I could see she was very nervous also. At that point we heard the guys come home. I was sort of relieved and yet very disappointed — if you can understand that. The four of us sat and had coffee. During this time I was ever conscious of Nicole's eyes on me. And, I must admit, I

was also studying her whenever I could! When it was time to go the guys went out to the car with Nicole walking me out a little behind them. When she said goodnight she said I'd have to come back soon. All I could do was nod and she gave me a little kiss goonight. When she did her tongue darted quickly out and without even thinking about it, I met it with mine. It was only a very brief touch, but it said it all.

That night I couldn't get to sleep, even though I was fairly high. My mind kept turning that kiss with Nicole into a real sexual situation. Peter was snoring away beside me and I began to masturbate. I couldn't quite reach my climax but it was really enjoyable.

The next morning Nicole was still on my mind. She had fuelled an occasional fantasy into an inferno of desire. Somehow, I knew as soon as the phone rang that it would be her. It was. She asked if I would like to come around for a swim in their pool. I accepted. Half an hour later I was being led into the house by Nicole. I had put my bikini on under a pop-over bikini cover. Nicole was still in her dressing gown; it was a short one and I could see her baby-doll pyjamas under it. We sat once more in the two-seater and Nicole offered me a drink. I normally wouldn't have accepted a drink at that time of day, but the nerves were back badly. There was no doubt



what Nicole had in mind for this morning. Her hand was lightly rubbing my thigh as she told me how nice and soft my skin felt. She let her hand stray right under my pop-over and I let my legs part as she stroked my pussy through my bikini bottom. I was very excited already and Nicole commented on how hot I was. She leaned over to me and gave me a similar fleeting kiss to the one the previous night, then she pulled me up and led me to her bedroom.

Nicole motioned towards the bed and said, "The pool!" She took off her dressing gown; her silky pyjamas were white and contrasted beautifully against her dark skin and hair. She helped me out of my pop-over and then began fondling my boobs. They are big and she loved them. My hands went to her own smaller ones; I could feel the hardness of her nipples through the thin material. At this stage we kissed very passionately. Whether it's the chemistry or merely the idea of doing something taboo, kissing a woman is infinitely more exciting than a man!

Our tongues wrestled each other's mouths as we sank on to the soft bed. Nicole and I helped each other out of our remaining garments, before resuming our embrace. I loved the feel of her soft smooth body against my own. My hands wandered all over her back and her bum — I especially liked that. Nicole broke from our kissing by making her way down my body with her hot lips and tongue. Soon I was laying back enjoying the best oral sex I'd ever experienced. All too soon I was writhing in pure bliss as her licking brought on my orgasm. Next I did the same for her. I discovered I liked giving oral as much as I enjoyed receiving it. Especially when I heard her moaning and urging me on.

We made love all morning and half the afternoon. Nicole was disbelieving when I said that this was my first time with a woman. Nicole and I are regular lovers now; we have sex most days and have managed a few nights together when the guys have gone on camping trips.

Recently Nicole and I spent a week together in Cairns. We had a tremendous time in more ways than one. Not only did

FORUM

we get plenty of sex from each other, but we had a threesome with a woman named Wendy we met in a bar that Nicole knew of. She was about our own age. She was divorced and exclusively gay now. The night after we had the threesome with Wendy, Nicole visited one of her old friends and I spent the night in Wendy's flat. Although I had really enjoyed our threesome, the night alone with Wendy was even better. She is a little kinky and liked having her anus licked and fingered, something I've wanted to do with Nicole on a reciprocal basis but she is not into it.

The really kinky thing was yet to come, though. We had just showered together and were having fun drying each other when Wendy pulled me down to the bathroom floor. I was laying on a bath-mat and she started eating my cunt once more. When she had me really worked up she sat across my pelvis and used her fingers on my clit as she also stroked herself. Our cunts were nearly touching. She kept saying to me to tell her when I was coming. When I arched my back and was almost ready, she started to urge me on. Then as I felt the first wave of climax start to rip through me I felt her cunt coming right against my own. All of a sudden there was a very hot sensation between my legs. Wendy was pissing directly against my

cunt. I exploded into a tremendous orgasm and could tell she was too. Her hot stream of urine really felt unbelievable. Naturally we hopped straight back in the shower following that little kinky escapade.

I have kept in touch with Wendy since returning and will definitely see her again.
— Name and address withheld

Bali high

Last year my girlfriend, Sarah, and I decided to take our summer holiday in the warm climes of Bali. The first few days were taken up with near-continuous love-making; at the end of the first week we began to venture out between orgasms and socialise with our fellow guests in the hotel bar.

One morning, early in the second week, I awoke to find myself bound by the wrists and ankles. We had experimented with some bondage before, although this was a new way to start the day! The morning was pleasantly passed away by Sarah's slow torture of my body — by lunchtime she had had several orgasms but hadn't allowed me to come. As Sarah was about to go down on my throbbing member yet again, there was a knock at the door. Sarah hastily got up, pulling on a light dressing gown. Our playing had been so absorbing that we had forgotten our lunch date with two couples we had met the night before in the bar. To my surprise and

great embarrassment Sarah invited them in.

Our four acquaintances, John, Anna, Diana and Craig, were fully into the room before they noticed my position. There was laughter as Anna, making a show of licking her lips, came over and sat on the bed beside me.

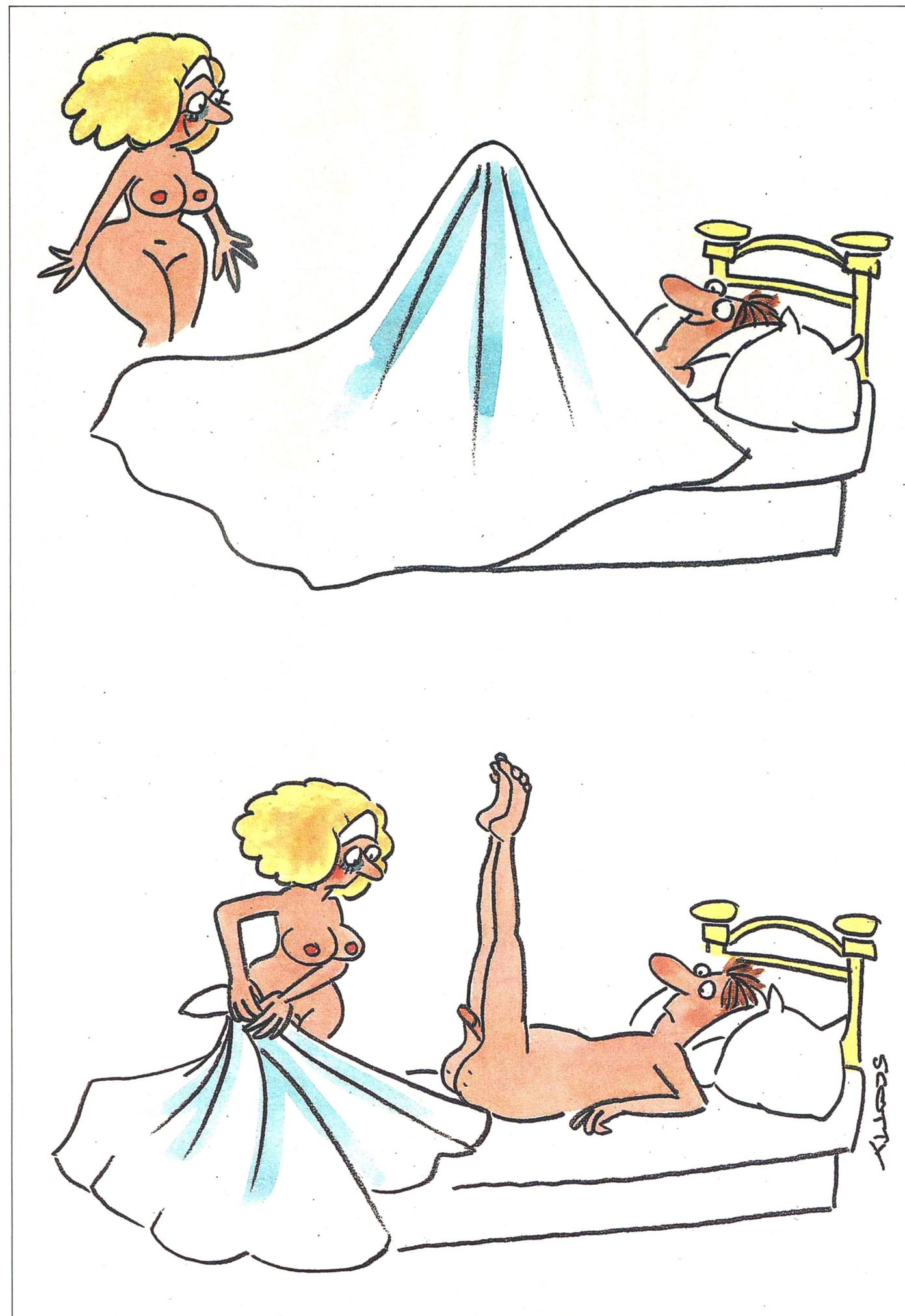
"They didn't name you Rod for nothing," Anna giggled. The ten seconds that this took was more than enough time for John's attention to shift to Sarah, who was standing watching me unaware that her robe had fallen open, exposing her small, pert breasts and silky blonde bush. I felt a hand softly caressing my inner thigh and looked down to see Anna cup my aching balls in her hand while she bent over to kiss my stomach. Concerned with Sarah's reaction, I looked over to see John rubbing Sarah's erect nipples and then running his hand down to her moist snatch. As Anna's head bobbed up and down on my cock, I watched Sarah fall to her knees to pay oral homage to John's ample manhood. Craig wasn't wasting any time either as he shed his shorts and stroked his hard cock between her soft buttocks, reaching around to rub her sopping pussy. With John in her mouth, Sarah could only grunt as Craig slowly eased his cock into her tight back passage. Quickly, John removed himself from her face and manouvred his body under theirs, entering Sarah's begging love hole. Sarah screamed in ecstasy as both Craig and John pounded in and out of her. Wedged in her tight rear hole Craig came in seconds, pulling out of her and spurting jets of semen over her arse and John's pumping cock. By now Sarah was close to orgasm and was grinding her hips harder and harder, frantically riding John for all she was worth. John thrust his pelvis upwards and Sarah moaned as they both climaxed.

Throughout this Anna had not let up in her oral attack on my member but now, sensing I was close to exploding, she stopped sucking my throbbing dick and pulled up her skirt and moved her moist panties closer to my face. The musky aroma of her wet box was almost too much to bear but I couldn't do anything because I was still tied to the bed. Anna pulled the crotch of her panties to one side of her cunt and rubbed her pussy over my face. She groaned as I began to softly nibble on her swollen clit.

Diana, who had simply been viewing the whole scene, was in need of more attention. With my cock unoccupied, she stripped, mounted me, and began to rock backwards and forwards, all the while gripping my dick with her cunt muscles. I came all too quickly, releasing my long-restrained load deep into her snatch. Both Anna and Diana ignored my orgasm and rode my face and still aching hard cock while fondling each other's bodies until, with some help from Craig, orgasm after orgasm had shaken each one of us into



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SUPERLIGHTS



FORUM

exhaustion.

Finally our guests put on their clothes and, as a parting gesture, Anna and Diana untied me. Needless to say it was not the last time that the six of us "lunched" together! — *Name and address withheld*

Saturday night fever

My girlfriends and I were seated in the back of a local disco where we get together every Saturday night. We all work at a hair salon, and this is the way we unwind, relax, and get out all our frustrations. One night we decided to give up on catching some grade-A beef, and played a game called pickle face. The object of the game is to get the ugliest guy possible to dance with you. The winner gets all her drinks paid for and also her choice of shifts for the following week. I was really hot on playing because I wanted to visit an old flame that next week — I needed some extra time off.

Things were slow at first. Lauren and Dottie were tied for the lead; each had scored six and a half points (on a scale of one to ten) by dancing with a pair of truckers with potbellies who smelled like diesel oil. Corrine and I had scored just five points each, by dancing with a salesman and an accountant. My other workmate, Jennifer, hadn't even scored a point, and

was sitting with me at the table.

I was having so much fun laughing at my girlfriends' antics that I hardly noticed someone tapping my shoulder. I turned, and my mind was immediately drawn to how many game points I would score with this one; but when I took a good look, I realised that this dude was gorgeous! He was tall and muscular, with dark wavy hair and beautiful green eyes. At best I would only make one point!

I was computing my low score so intensely (still checking out his obvious charms) that I didn't get what he was saying. I came back from la-la land in time for Dennis to introduce himself, offer me a drink, and ask me if I would like to dance. I was contemplating blowing this god off in order to clear the way for a prizewinning geek, but the night was young, and he was too good to go.

Dennis and I talked and drank for almost an hour — with me getting hotter and hotter for his bod. That's when he leaned over, put a hand on my thigh, and whispered in my ear if I'd like to dance again. I was on the floor with him in two seconds flat! The dance was a really wild one, and we were both gyrating with frenzy, turning each other on incredibly. The song that came on next was a slow ballad, and Dennis pulled me close to him. I pressed my hips against his and felt his huge bulge pressing against me. I told him that his huge bulge felt very good. In fact, I told him

that his bulge felt huge! I was shocked that I said it, but this man turned me on to the max, and I guess I lost my head. Dennis received the compliment very well, because his crotch swelled immediately and he held me tighter, kissing my neck and shoulders.

When the song ended, we both walked off the dance floor and directly to the exit. We went to his car, which was actually a jeep with tinted windows. We got in the backseat and tore each other's clothes off. He had me in just my panties in almost no time. I was pulling his pants off while he was taking his shirt off. I then took hold of his ever-expanding hard-on and put it in my watering mouth. I licked his shaft like it was a lollipop. Dennis leaned his head back against the window of the jeep, a smile stretched across his face.

I was sucking away at his rod fast and furious, and I could feel that he was getting ready to explode. He pulled out of my mouth just before he was going to blast off, pushed me down on to the car seat so that I was lying on my back, removed my pink panties, and guided his hot rod into my moist pussy. I was more than ready for him. He was rocking back and forth, in and out, while I was caressing my tits to make the most of the moment.

Dennis and I were bucking into each other faster and faster. We were in perfect rhythm, and as he thrust forward, I did the same. I couldn't stand it any longer. I screamed as I climaxed. Dennis didn't stop, he just kept on pumping. My legs straightened out, my back arched, and I came at least two more times from his expert lovemaking. To my surprise, the god of a man still didn't come. As I was trying to figure out how he was able to hold back so expertly, Dennis pulled his prick out and straddled my chest with his knees. "Time for dessert," he said, and I leaned my head forward and took his beautiful tool into my mouth. I loved the bittersweet taste of our juices. Then, in what seemed to be a massive explosion, Dennis climaxed and his hot come slid down my throat. This was too good to be true.

When I woke up the next morning, I realised I hadn't won the pickle-face contest; but when Dennis walked back into the bedroom, I discovered that winning isn't everything. — *Name and address withheld*

First girl

I am a fit and attractive 35-year-old woman with a very heterosexual libido, so the incident that I'm about to describe surprised me.

I often get my bikini line done by an electrologist. This involves some really fine, up-close work in my vaginal area. Since I wear very skimpy, high-cut bathing suits, it takes many visits to get the look I want. I was shy at my first appointment. When I explained what I wanted, my electrologist (I'll call her Elaine) put me at

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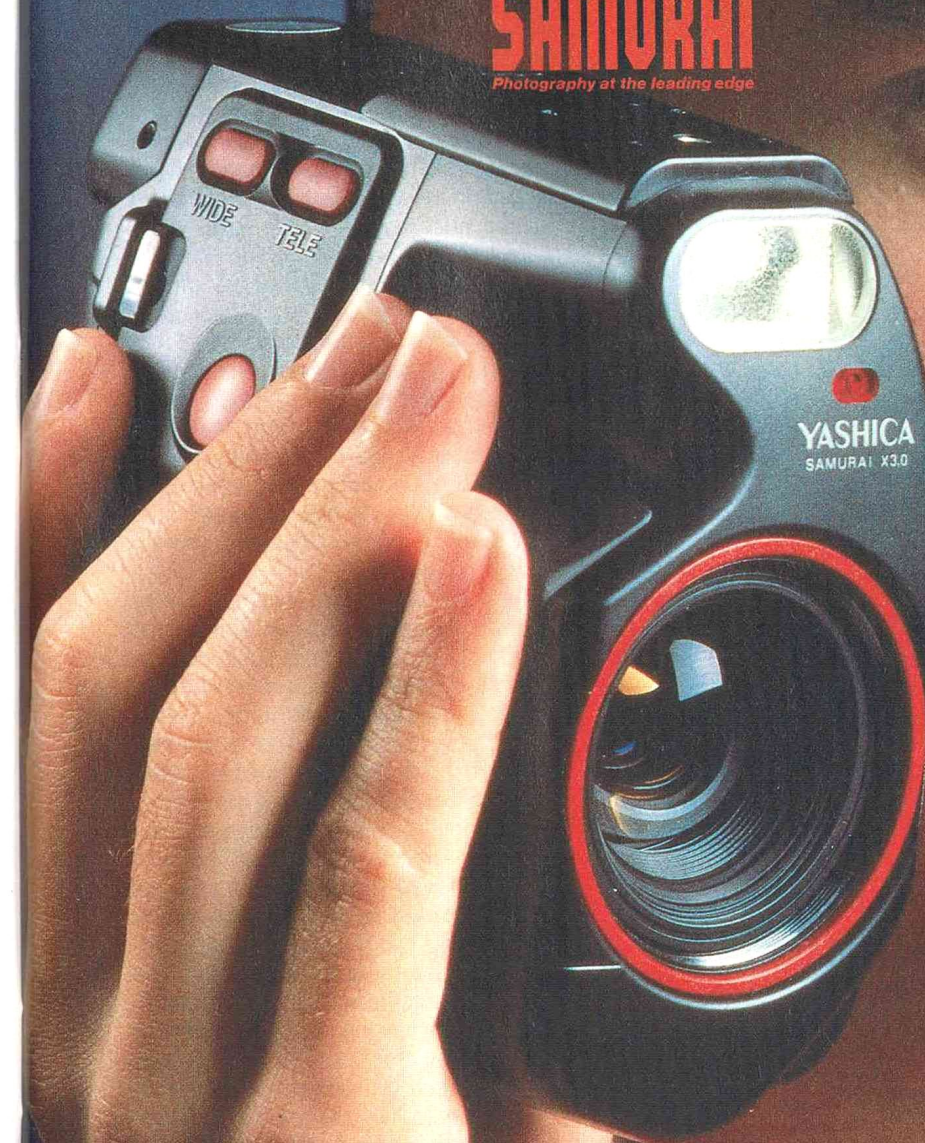
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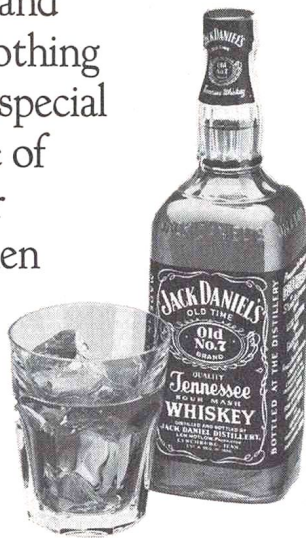
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FORUM

ease by lifting her skirt to show me her bikini line. She has what she refers to as a mohawk. We decided that I needed the same look.

I started seeing Elaine regularly. I'd arrive at her comfortable office, strip down to my skimpy panties, and lie down on the table. For 45 minutes Elaine would work very close to my snatch with a magnifying glass to aim the probe at the tiny follicles. She would balance her hand on my body. Depending on the angle she was working at, that often meant that her hands were pressing directly on my clitoris. Also, because she was removing hair between my thighs as well as in the front, part of our sessions were always spent with her head between my wide-open thighs.

After about three or four sessions of this, I started to look forward to the next one. When I'm aroused my clitoris and labia become very swollen and visible and protrude slightly beyond my mound. About midway through a session I would become quite hot, though Elaine showed no reaction to what was happening. I was sure she must know — even on days when I wore panties she couldn't see through, she had to be able to smell my musky odor.

I began to have fantasies about all that could develop during my visits. It occurred to me that Elaine might be enjoying this as much as me. I remembered her standing up and walking over to me on my first visit so that I could see her mohawk up close. I wondered if she was trying to send me a signal then. I decided to pay closer attention at my next visit.

When that day came, I wore a pair of see-through panties, and made sure that I was freshly showered and scented. The visit went along as usual, with us chatting and me getting hotter and hotter. Finally Elaine changed position and rested her hand on my clit. This time I was sure she was doing it on purpose; it must have been obvious that I was creaming my panties. I mean, my swollen, red, steamy clit was just two inches from her face. As my breathing started to get heavier, I spread my legs a little wider. Elaine's fingers continued to knead my clit and I knew that she was on the same track as me. Trying to decide how to break the ice, I asked her if it would be easier for her if I took my panties off. She looked up at me with desire, and in a husky voice said, "Yes, I'd love it."

I quickly slipped out of my panties and lay down again. Elaine's fingers teased my clit and labia, swirling around in the dewy wetness. Moaning, I reached for her hand, and as I did so, her tongue found my clit and I exploded in orgasm. Elaine slid her finger in my cunt and continued to lick and suck me. I sat up on the table and touched

Continued on page 123

Sins

ANGER

Knocking The Croc

It's safe to say it now. Well, a damn sight safer than it used to be to say that I thought *Crocodile Dundee* was about as funny as the Leyland brothers on valium. If you were caught saying that a few years back you were in deep trouble. People didn't just get angry with you, they got apoplectic. Those who didn't call you rude names looked on you with the mawkish, pitying regard they usually reserved for Willesee specials about the mentally disabled. Or they secretly noted down your name, then contacted the House UnAustralian Activities to have you blacklisted. The best you could expect was that Bob Hawke would personally call around at your house and give you a stern talking to. The worst was that ASIO would bundle you into a big black car in the middle of the night and cart you off to a re-education camp where they'd threaten your genitals with a Rambo knife until you learned to truly love the Akubra.

I know. Once upon a patriotic time I was foolish enough to knock the Croc and I paid the penalty. It was at a cosy gathering of those I had regarded as friends that I inadvisedly aired my view that the fuss surrounding *Crocodile Dundee* was a load of dingo's kidneys and that I personally found the film about as amusing as 120 minutes spent picking bindies out of thongs.

Just a little off-the-cuff observation, you know, uttered over a couple of rieslings at a sausage sizzle in the privacy of my own back yard. I may as well have said that Don Bradman didn't know a cricket bat from a fruit bat. Crikey, the recriminations flew! Firstly I was labelled a mindless iconoclast. I was a snob, of course, and then one of those ratbags who's always mowing down tall poppies. Somewhere in there I learned I was a retrogressive pro-

ponent of the cultural cringe. I remember most vividly the part about me being a pathetic social leper who wouldn't know a joke if it was staring her in the face. That stung. I knew plenty of jokes. Some of them were there that afternoon, but they weren't so much staring as glaring with undisguised loathing.

Given the fervour of those days, a really smart person would have backed off and said non-committal things that inferred the film in question was slickly filmed and edited, was marvellously promoted and contained some surpassingly fetching scenery. A half-smart person who hadn't had six glasses of wine might have deftly leapt off the fence

with words to the effect of: "Linda Kozlowski's cellulite wasn't as bad as they made out, don't you reckon?" Or: "D'ja read that story in *Truth* that said Hoges and her are *doing it*?" In short, anyone with more than a couple of grey cells to rub together would have poured oil on the visibly troubled waters.

A really dumb person, on the other hand, would have up-ended a big bucket of fat all over the fire by saying that anyone who thought *Crocodile Dundee* was pants-weeingly hilarious should have their head and their prostate examined. The same dribbling, lobotomised cretin would have said that anyone who guffawed raucously at the alleged comic antics of Mick Dundee was a hype-hypnotised buffoon who couldn't tell shit from sugar and if this was the high point of our cinematic *oeuvre* then Wally

Lewis danced the chocolate cha-cha. And then that dangerous escapee from a loony bin would have accused anyone who even giggled in *Crocodile Dundee* of being a patsy in a gigantic confidence trick, rounding off the rant with something like: "I've got to hand it to Hoges — he went from painting the Harbor Bridge to selling it to a nation of gullible hicks."

In short order that silly sausage would have found him or herself without any guests at his or her barbecue, but not before dodging the figurative slings, arrows and killer boomerangs of outraged Australians. He or she may have boggled at the ingenuity of an ugly mob who, in the absence of molten tar, had considered smearing their traitorous host with Vegemite and ripping open a doona for feathers. And then he or she would have sat alone, drunkenly muttering into a glass



Illustration by John Mitchell

of wine. Muttering over and over, "Just because it makes a lot of money, doesn't make it a great film. 'That's not a knife, this is a knife' ... call that fucking funny?"

Ah, but that was all so long ago. We still had the America's Cup in those days. The sun was still shining out of Bondy's bum when *Crocodile Dundee* first hit our screens. Ben Lexcen was arguably a greater genius than Einstein and the memory was still fresh of Hawkie donning that silly jacket and declaring a national holiday. Everything in the garden was blooming green and gold and Hoges, true blue faithful Hoges, was showing the world what we Aussies were really made of and if he didn't pick up an Oscar it would be the greatest bloody travesty of justice since Les Darcy and Phar Lap.

A lot of Fosters has flowed under the bridge since then. Cup? Oh, that old thing. Ben Lexcen's dead. Big Bad Bondy's just a rich bastard again and one who's up

to his dinger in hot Chile. The polls are hinting that Australians may be ready to declare a national holiday from Hawke and Hoges has ditched his missus. Not only that, he's been on the telly whining about how he's been mistreated. After all we've done for him! Rich whingeing bastard. There were feet of clay inside those R.M. Williams boots all along. Feet of clay that are now tucked up in bed with thighs of cottage cheese.

Yes, it's a fickle old world. I went to see *Crocodile Dundee II* the other day — don't ask me why. Because it was there. At a party on the weekend I mentioned that I'd seen it and, just for the reaction, said I reckoned it wasn't as funny as the original. There was much eye-rolling all round and a general agreement that I'd been a sucker to blow my money. After all, they said, everyone knew the first one was vastly over-rated. I drifted towards the wine cask as the conversation drifted on to Kylie Minogue. — C.J. Mackay

GLUTTONY

Most Memorable Meals

Eating memorably isn't always about a trio of airborne seafood sausages, none thicker than a man's thumb, on oval pillows of caramelised choucroute, or medallions of venison in a mahogany brown reduction. Take the best remembered meal I ever had. The one where I didn't eat a thing.

A meal becomes genuinely disconcerting when the ingredients are actually alive, a state of affairs for which Far Easterners have a ghoulish zest. In a Shanghai restaurant, lost in conversation, I turned round at the moment a hatchet-faced waiter laid a large fish on the table. It had been slyly stir-fried to within a whisker of death, but its unfortunate head had been packed in ice to show that it was still breathing. Everyone fought to get in with their chopsticks. I couldn't — I'm a Pisces.

This experience was as

nothing to that of ,Otoichi Kawakami of Tobata, Japan, of course. In 1981, Mr Kawakami had convulsions and fainted in downtown Tobata. He was rushed to hospital, where surgeons removed from his stomach 13 safety razors complete with blades, 21 nails, a fountain pen, a pencil, 56 toothbrushes, 20 chopsticks, a piece of wire netting, and part of the ribs of an umbrella. He told the doctors he had swallowed the assortment on a bet several years previously.

Still on a wave of excess. Aristotle Onassis once invited a glittering gaggle of Riviera personalities to a starlit dinner on the deck of the *Christina* (the yacht, not his daughter) as it lay anchored in port one soft summer night. Unfortunately, as the evening wore on the sky covered over, and about the time of the roast course drops of warm rain splattered down.

Onassis, unperturbed, pushed back his chair and led his guests to the deck below. There they came upon the identical dinner, or rather a duplicate: flowers,



candles, the same wine, and a freshly served roast course. The feast resumed. For the "phantom" dinner on the lower deck, each course had been cooked, served, and removed, together

with the wines, at the same time as the real dinner on the upper deck.

Want to impress your friends? You'd have a hard time trying to emulate the Duke of Burgundy's Feast of the Pheasant, the highlight of 1454's social calendar. In the middle of this four-day eating orgy, an heroically proportioned pie was brought in and strains of music reverberated through the rafters. The pie lid was opened to reveal 28 musicians playing inside.

Food critics are always raving about *ambiance*. Okay, I have used the word once or a hundred times myself. Well, Grimod de la Reyniere, a much-quoted but eccentric 19th Century French authority on cuisine, invited 22 guests to what he called a "big feed" sparing neither "pig nor oil." Invitations were in the form of obituaries, a catafalque was the centrepiece and a coffin stood behind each diner's place. About 300 spectators were allowed to observe the banquet from a gallery above the candlelit room. A meal to die for, of course, as was Prokofi Demoff's (1735-1822) public piss-up in Tsarist Russia at which 500 people snuffed it through over-drinking.

Some people you should never go on a picnic with. Alfred Packer ate five prospectors whom he was guiding over a high Colorado plateau in 1874. The judge who sentenced Packer to hang peevishly pointed out, "There were only six Democrats in all of Hinsdale County, and you ate five of them."

Political meals continued. Victor Biaka-Boda, who represented the Ivory Coast in the French Senate, set off on a tour of the hinterlands in January, 1950 to let the people know where he stood on the issues, and to understand their concerns — one of which was apparently the food supply. His constituents ate him. Colleagues later described Biaka-Boda, a former witch doctor, as a "small, thin, worried man." Before or after?

The most notable banquet for its grotesquely lavish service took place, no prizes for guessing, in ancient Rome.

Illustration by Skye Rogers

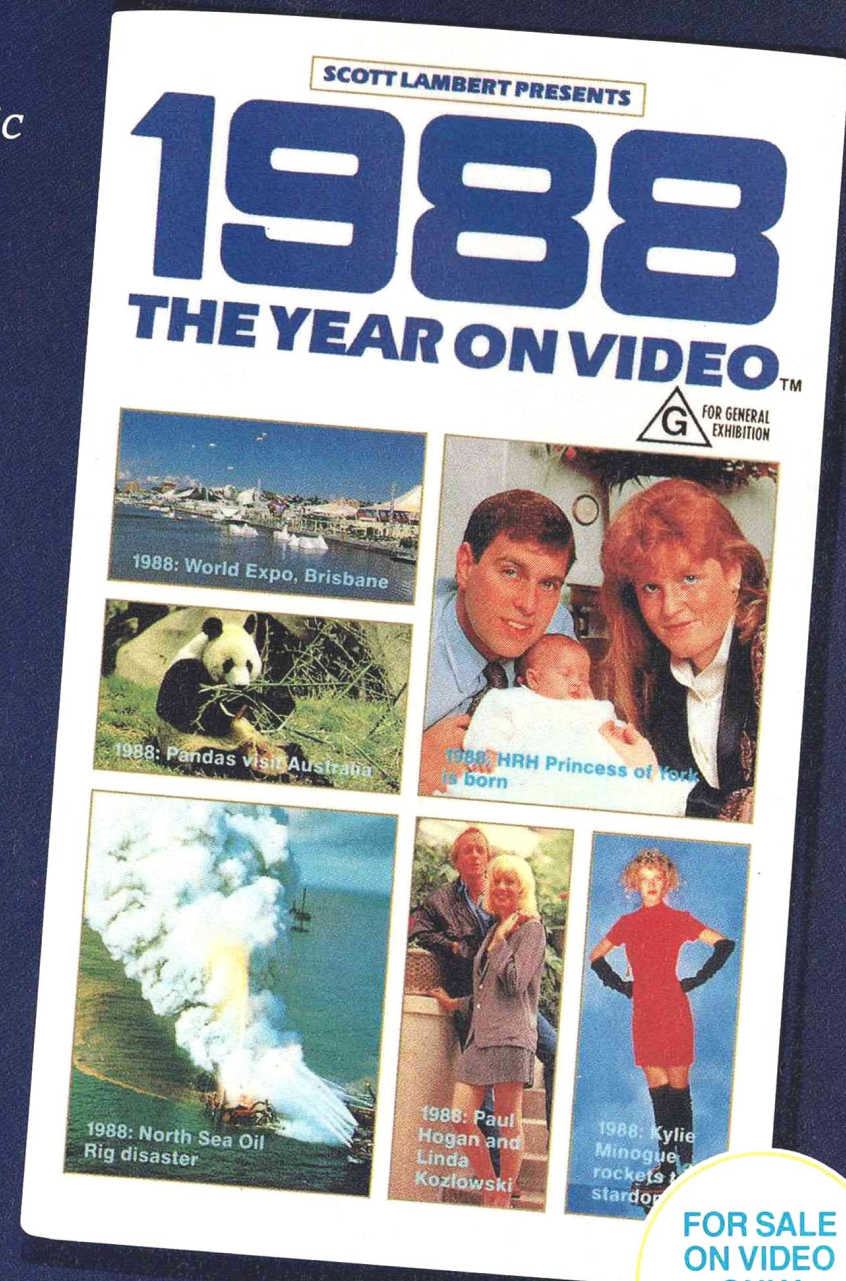
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—Scott Lambert.

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1988 will long be remembered as the year of celebrations—Australia turned 200, we won gold at the Seoul Olympics, 'Fergie' gave birth to a beautiful baby girl, and the World Expo in Brisbane exceeded all expectations. But for every moment of great joy, there was a moment of tragedy and despair. Floods across Australia left thousands homeless; the world's worst air show disaster in Germany claimed the lives of 47 people; and in May we lost Ben Lexcen, the genius behind the winged keel. These and countless other events that captured our imaginations, together with the people who touched our lives, deserve to be remembered. With 1988 THE YEAR ON VIDEO, they will live forever. This 90 minute video is marvelous entertainment today, and just imagine the joy it will bring your family and friends in five or ten years time.



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Sins

Trimalchio's banquet (circa 60 AD), described in Petronius's *Satyricon*, is thought to be a rather accurate impression of the wildly indulgent feasts staged by the Roman Emperor Nero. Space prohibits a full list so let's consider the second of the four "courses."

To start things rolling, a 100-year-old vintage wine was served as slaves manipulated a perfect reproduction of the human skel-

Capricorn, lobster; Aquarius, goose; Pisces, two mullets (stunned, one presumes). And to top it all off, under the globe of the tray: plump chickens, sow's udders and a hare with wings to suggest the mythical flying horse Pegasus, and fish floating in a highly seasoned sauce as if swimming in a river.

Like my most remembered meal my runner-up for the title of

"Geez," he squeaked, "I can't describe it."

I could. The taste of this lethal dish resembled 10-year-old sweaty socks bathed in Vegemite.

We hurriedly paid the bill, leav-

ing no tip. A greasy little waiter pursued us — "The service, sirs."

"It was bloody awful" we all chorused.

"Oh, thank you, sirs." — Elisabeth King

AVARICE

Going Out In Style

Some months ago I researched the subject of bankruptcy. Ostensibly this was for an article (see October '88 *Penthouse*) but lurking at the back of my mind was the possibility that I may have to put to practical use the knowledge I had gained. Things were crook, I'm telling you.

But things were not as crook as they ought to be, so I thought, to actually go down the path to debtors' prison. Few of us get the chance to go bankrupt more than once and I've always believed that if and when I go bust it'll be for more than a few score grand.

I'd be embarrassed to dud someone for \$40,000. Dudding 'em for a million — well, that's different. As long as you do it to one entity and not a whole lot of widows and orphans, then it's almost like doing the community a favor.

Anyway, I don't think I'll be getting the chance to lash out on such big sums for quite a while so let's leave the dream world and return to sordid reality.

When I was mulling over my personal debt crisis one thing I did seriously contemplate was to go out in, if not so much a blaze, then at least a catherine wheel of glory. Now this catherine wheel runs very close to, and may even reach, fraud. So one must enter upon the plan — light the wick, so to speak — with the full intention, when "things come right", of settling. If the opposite cannot be proven, there is no fraud. Also, the administration of the law of bankruptcy is such that they are not going to make a great to do over the odd minor abuse — as long as you don't make a welter of it or, at least, not too big a welter.

Of course, the banks may take a different view. However...

If, having examined my affairs, I had decided that filing for bankruptcy was inevitable, I would have done a further study to see how long it could be delayed. I would then have taken out a few credit cards — not too many, say half a dozen. I think I would then have bought, using one of those cards, some furniture, some good woollen blankets, silk sheets, a color TV, maybe a video, and maybe a good hi-fi. With another card I'd have found a cheap car, although there aren't that many car dealers who take cards. I would also have purchased on credit a suit or two, some silk ties, cotton socks and good shoes. And maybe even a new typewriter.

Then I would have gone to Cairns, first-class, for a credit card holiday. After a good fortnight's rest — no spree, but no hard mattresses either — I'd have returned to my financial mess and resumed the struggle to extricate myself, occasionally fortified by the odd decent restaurant meal — on the plastic — and home-delivered brandy, Limestone Creek and Glenfiddich, also courtesy of the plastic. And I'd even make the odd contribution to paying those credit card bills too: to show my intentions were honorable and to keep the credit alive.

Eventually, however, the day would come when I'd trot down to court and say: "Sorry, I'm flat. Here's all my assets and here's all my bills. You work it out."

In a small case the Official Receiver takes over and sells up what it can, subject to certain limits. You are allowed to retain basic household effects: bed,

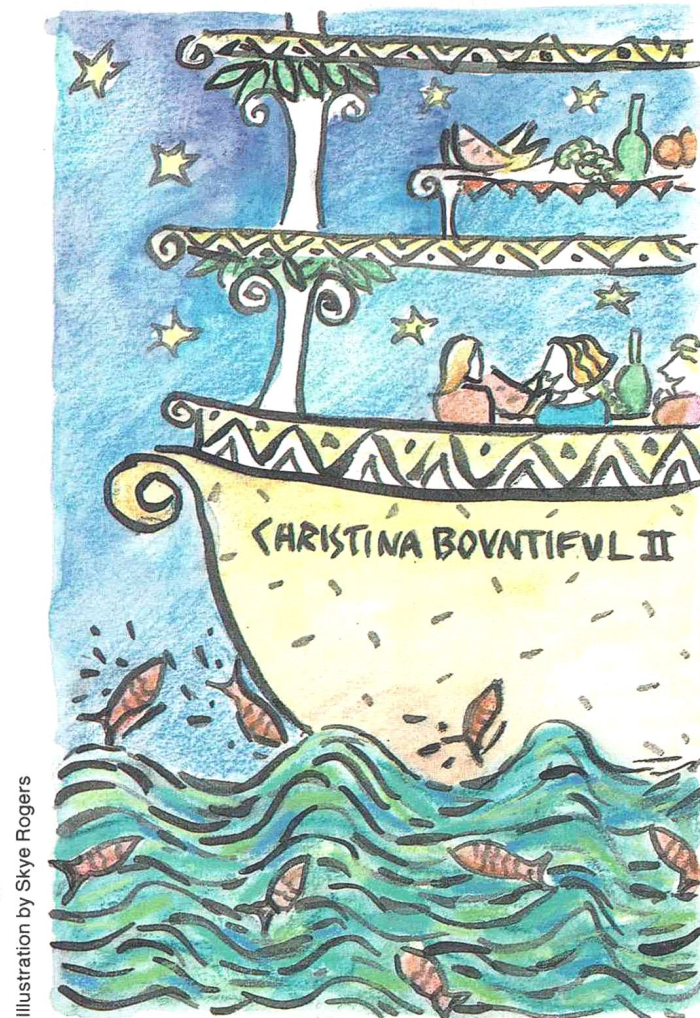


Illustration by Skye Rogers

eton in silver. Moving right along came a globe-shaped tray engraved with the 12 signs of the zodiac and a representative dish for each sign. Far more interesting than that limp Sixties party greeting — "What star sign are you?" — were: Aries, chickpeas; Taurus, beef; Gemini, kidneys and testicles; Cancer, a crown; Leo, African figs; Virgo, sow's womb; Libra, a set of scales with a pie on one, cake on the other; Scorpio, fish; Sagittarius, hare;

most memorable meal is again a contender for all the wrong reasons. It was a balmy night on a hilltop in Acapulco. The restaurant was a Spanish hacienda lookalike, the mariachi band was not perfect and the singers all looked like Linda Crystal in that ancient TV hayseed, *The High Chapparral*. We perused the menu and decided on baked brie in tamarindo sauce. Color came quickly to the cheeks of the first to take a mouthful — green.

PETER STUYVESANT

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kitchen utensils, and even, these days, a color TV — that is, basic necessities. You are also allowed a motor vehicle worth up to \$2000 and tools of trade worth up to \$500.

And, of course, there is no way the Official Receiver can sell all the wine and food you consumed nor the aeroplane trips and hotel rooms you took.

No doubt about it, bankruptcy is a terrible thing. But if you have to undergo it you may as well get what pleasure you can while you can.

Once you're bankrupt all your outstanding debts are taken over and, when the court has so determined, all those debts are cancelled. Now, there are two problems. Firstly, the court has to so determine. It need not. It could decide that you are a rogue and ought to at least make some attempt to repay your debts. If you don't it may be persuaded against granting you a discharge — even beyond the "automatic" discharge period of three years. Which means you can never get credit again (except if you tell the would-be lender you're an undischarged bankrupt) and you have to seek permission of the Official Receiver if you want to travel overseas.

The second problem comes from the credit card providers,

who are going to look awfully dimly upon your sudden access to the fast-lane at a time when, if the writing wasn't on the wall, then the moving hand had at least opened the bottle of ink.

To wilfully and knowingly purchase goods and services on credit without any intention to repay is fraud, for which the right and proper punishment is prison. To take on debt when you know you will not be able to repay it is also a breach of the law punishable by jail although, to my knowledge, very few ever hit the slam.

So you don't make a welter of it. Just up your spending a bit. If, all of a sudden, you're shouting your mates dinner at Stephanie's when previously you'd be stretching to shout someone a meat pie, then the bank may well be able to convince a judge that you're a rogue. In which case he could slot you.

I shall go no further into the details lest I be accused of advising people how to evade the law and their creditors. Not that I'm Robinson Crusoe. Taxation lawyers do this sort of thing all the time. What they say is: do this, do this and do this and you won't have to pay the taxman so much and you can spend the money on wine, women and trips to Cairns.

Of course, the lawyers argue that it's the client's money in the

first place, whereas my scheme uses other people's money. But aren't tax schemes contrivances that allow people to use other people's money — the Government's expected tax rake — for themselves? Do not we, when we pay another, expect that other to pay some of that money to the government as tax? Therefore, we give that money to that other person to hold in trust for the government, to use as he sees fit until, at the due time, it is handed over to the taxman. And if

at the due time that other person has, by some contrivance, reduced his tax liability from the going rate, is not that a betrayal of trust? It is, at the very least, a dudding of the government just as my scheme is a dudding of the credit card provider.

Anyway, this is just so much idle contemplation. I never expect anyone to take me seriously and I'm always surprised when someone does.

In the meantime, see you in Cairns? — David Quicksilver

VANITY

Fitness Futures

You shouldn't skip sets. You've got to do all your reps to get the results you seek. Is it my breath or something?"

Hell, you only went to get a drink of water. But coach isn't exactly interested in excuses. "No pain, no gain," it reminds you.

Yes — it. You have entered the world that is touted as the future of fitness training. And if you have always suspected there was something artificial about the fitness boom of the Eighties then here is the ultimate confirmation — a coach with artificial intelli-

gence. This is Powercise, the machine that has taken the workout world by storm.

Australia's first Powercise is found at Bondi's Heathland gym in Sydney's eastern suburbs — land of the body beautiful. Owner Richard Chew spotted the machine at an international fitness trade show in California and wanted it for his own at first sight, the man a self-confessed lover of gadgetry. Powercise is a group of eight machines — or rather, "humanoid stations" — each developed for a particular function in weight training but with each station offering motivation, encouragement and even admonishment via a computer-synthesised voice box.

Your first stop is "Wally" Weight Scale. "He" welcomes you, weighs you and then asks whether your program is aimed at fitness and trim or strength and size. Next you take a strength test, and from here on your workout program is tailored by the computer.

It's all pretty cutesy. There's Chester Chest Press, Schroeder Shoulder Press, Curly Arm Curl, Pierre Pec Deck, Harry Leg Extension and Ty the thigh machine to occupy you. Each station picks up from where you left off on the last via its 1000-word vocabulary, responses tinged by its 16 levels of emotion which fluctuate depending on your performance.

Obviously it is the gimmick aspect which forms the greatest



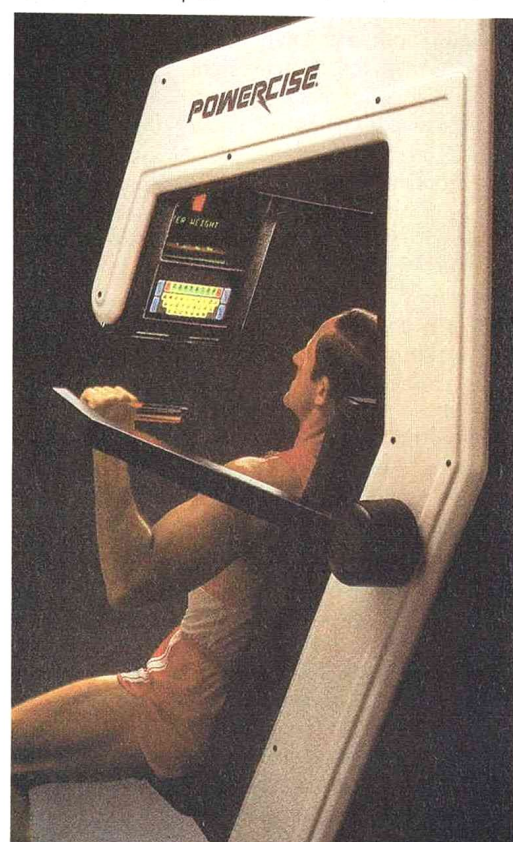
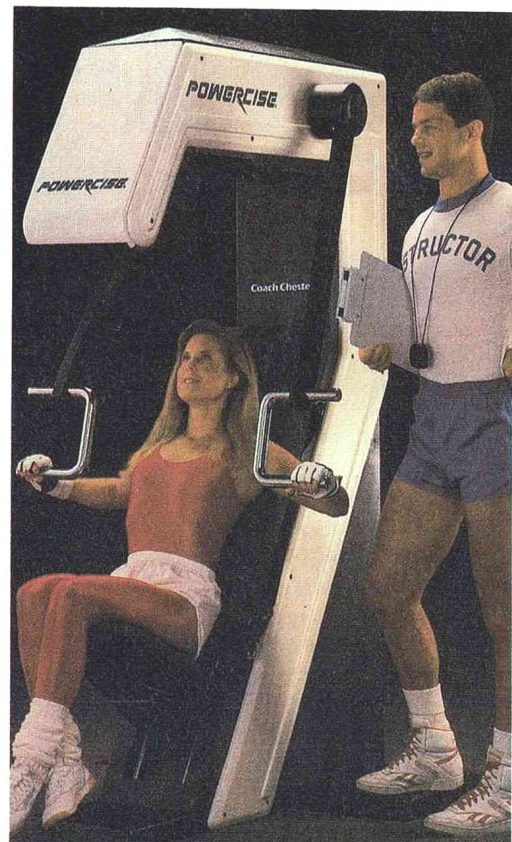
Illustration by Paul Newman

Sins

selling point — the machine even tells jokes or suggests that your grandma could do better. But the principles of the machines are soundly based on the latest in bio-mechanics. The weight system is electro-magnetic. It's

trend is still increasing. The success of aerobics is that it is effort without the labor — the drudgery has been taken out of exercise. Everyone loves to move to music and the person up front is literally on stage. They must be

Gold Coast certainly know a thing or two about running luxury resorts. These two were built at a combined cost of \$330 million. They feature beach clubs, 24-hour room service, boutiques, gymnasiums, tennis courts, ma-



better because you push *and* pull, providing a better balance.

The other big plus is that it charts your progress. After each circuit you're provided with a tear-off print-out which correlates past efforts and summarises each exercise.

The machine appears to be the next stage in the future of the fitness boom. Richard Chew agrees: "I think the whole fitness

instructor, motivator and entertainer."

The next step was to take machines and introduce to them a sense of fun and competition. At \$120,000, it's hardly likely to be sold with the slogan "A Powercise in every home" — but if the US example is a precedent we'll go close to seeing a Powercise in every health club. — Graem Sims

SLOTH

Travelling North

Queensland is twice the size of Texas. That explains the Banana Benders' current mania for claims that include words like "best", "biggest" and "most exciting." Consider: 50 percent of all new tourist development in Australia has occurred in

Queensland. Queensland tourism earnings are predicted to reach \$21,557 million by the year 2000. By 1992, Queensland will attract more international visitors than any other state. And so on.

Under the legend "Too Good to Be True", the Sheraton Mirage people at Port Douglas and the

rinias, swimming pools, jogging tracks and, in Port Douglas' case, the country club. In July, the Mirage Port Douglas scored three Queensland Tourist Awards as the best resort, best project design and best landscape design.

A five-star resort sitting directly on Four Mile Beach, the Port Douglas Mirage is a domain on its own, elegantly "of" the former sugar port but not in it. Built in the record time of 15 months — an amazing accomplishment in these times of waiting three weeks for a handyman to fix a sashcord — the complex covers 121 hectares.

Now part-owner Christopher (The Dentist) Skase quite rightly claims that the resort lives up to the brief he gave to architect Desmond Brooks: "Build me the best in the world."

Two bottles of champagne awaited us in our rooms after a magic ride in the \$8 million Mir-

age hovercraft. In 45 minutes we were "airborne" from Cairns, past Robert Holmes a Court's Double Island and into the 300-berth Mirage Marina. The hovercraft is capable of a speed of 50 knots, but the four Deutz air-cooled diesels are kept at a cruise speed of 30 knots to allow the 70 cushioned passengers to drink in the products of the full bar, the tropical swathe of the Barron River and the palm-fringed beaches north of Cairns.

The Port Douglas property is only a 45-minute boat ride from the Great Barrier Reef and a short jaunt to the Daintree rainforest. Since 1981, 17,500 new boats have been registered in Queensland. An increasing number are mooring at the Port Douglas Mirage Marina to take their owners diving, snorkelling or big game fishing in the nearby Coral Sea.

The Port Douglas resort is high design integrated into an idyllic setting. At least \$6 million was lavished on landscaping, and 1200 oil palms were transplanted from a nearby plantation expressly bought for that purpose by Mr Skase. There are two hectares of swimmable saltwater lagoons, fringed by perfectly orchestrated artificial beaches.

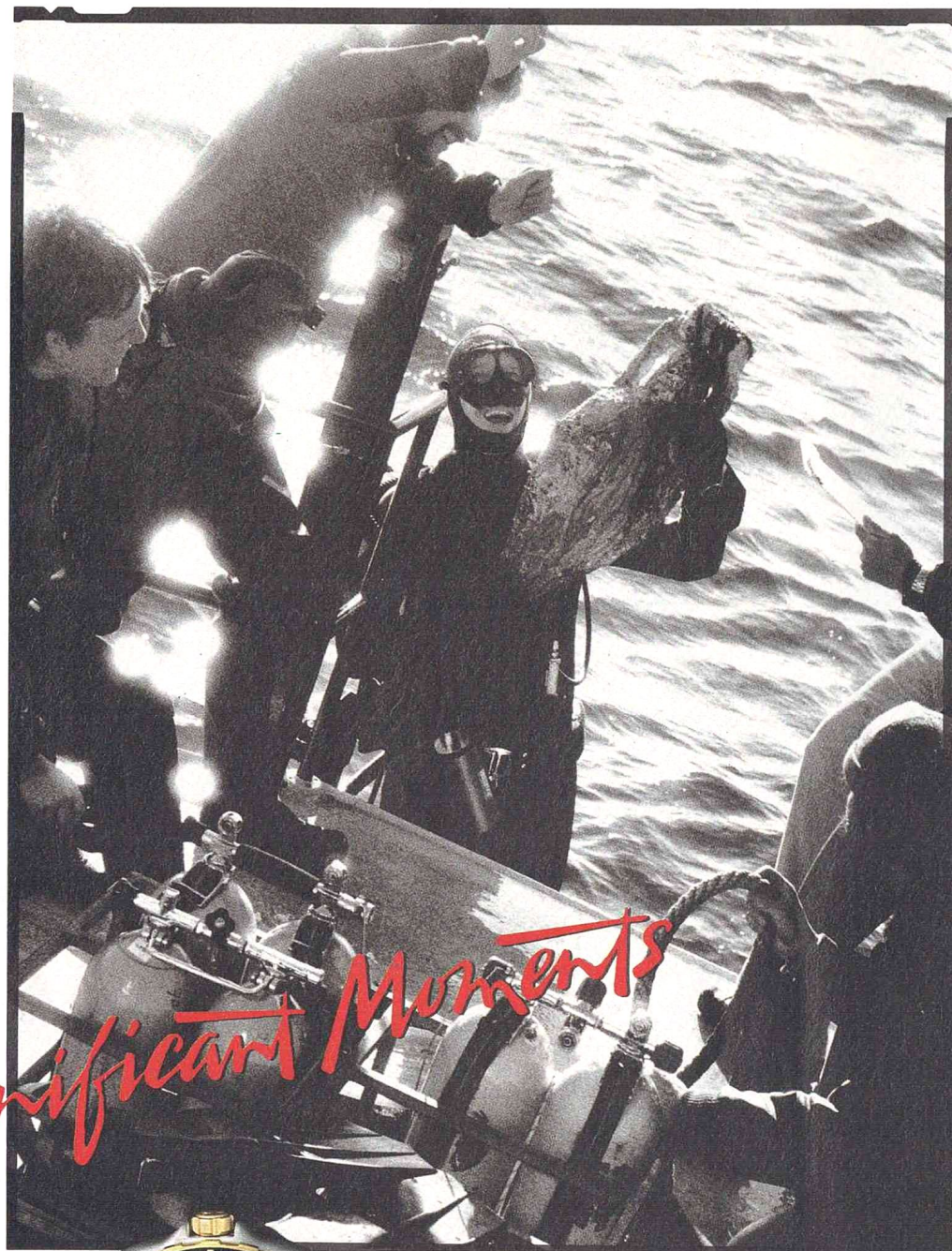
Covered walkways lead to each block, and each guest is personally escorted to his or her room. All 300 rooms (25 percent larger than normal) sport double or king-size beds, with cane and subdued tropical fabric bedheads, colonial fans, enclosed or open balconied sitting rooms and wraparound marble bathrooms with spa tubs. An intricate micro-chip console is "in charge" of the room.

The main public areas zap the eye with architectural excitement: a *porte cochere* of wood, brass and marble leads into a vast foyer of malachite green and beige tiles, which contains designer clumps of palm trees; two life-size models of Aborigines in the blackamoore mode point the way to overstuffed lounge chairs; a rolling fountain all the way leads downstairs to the ballroom; off the lobby, the casual Plantation Bar cries out for a fashion pho-

Wendy MANZO DIAMONDS AT THE HILTON

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however, and after a fun-time jaunt across Central Park at night, I knew I would see her again. When she body-humped me, deep-Frenched me and played a heavy game of pocket pool afterward in my townhouse, I was certain of it.

Sylvia was a dream of mine: a student girlfriend. She was fresh, open-minded, hungry for experience. She was like a sexier, more voluptuous version of Tracy in Woody Allen's *Manhattan*. For two months, we were inseparable.

The bust-up happened this way. Sylvia wanted to try out the swing scene. We had already gone slumming on the S&M fringe, and she thought it exciting in its weirdness, but not terribly sexual — even though she had me tie her up and fuck her bound afterward. I knew the young, tight little body Sylvia carried around would cause a sensation in the swing scene. I came prepared with another girlfriend, Tanya, so as not to be left in the lurch when Sylvia got swept up in the crowd.

To my surprise, Sylvia turned shy at the small, intimate orgy scene I arranged to be invited to. The men, indeed, were all coming on to her, as were most of the women, but she told them all that she would rather watch. I stayed with her most of the evening, thinking that eventually she would get warmed up. What happened was I got warmed up, to the point where I could not help myself from ploughing into Tanya. Pumping earnestly and hearing her respond, I looked across the dimly lit room and saw Sylvia, her eyes riveted on us. There were a lot of other bodies sprawled around, I thought to myself, a little uneasily. Why does she have to fixate on us?

I found out why when Sylvia suddenly reared up from her chair, burst across the room and yanked Tanya by the hair. "Leave him alone, bitch!" she yelled, trying to pull me off and away from her.

Now, I have known Tanya for a long time, and have swung with her often. Sylvia's type of catty, jealous behavior is about as wel-

come at a swingers' scene as a gun nut at the Kennedy compound. Although I dearly loved Sylvia, I had to side with Tanya in the face of her bizarre *faux pas*. This enraged her even more.

The fight blew into an argument into a full-scale separation. I was devastated. I couldn't shake the feeling that the whole charade had been staged, that Sylvia had wanted to bust up with me for reasons of her own and she had chosen this pretext for doing so. I was hurt, cheated and totally cancelled from any attempt at a love life for weeks on end.

About a month after the big blowup I got a call from Mrs K, thanking me for "sending Sylvia my way." I was mystified. "She was my best girl for three weeks," Mrs K went on, "and I'll be sorry to lose her." It turned out that not only had Sylvia signed on as a high-priced call girl soon after we busted up, but she was now going to be married to a psychiatrist she had met as a client.

I was absolutely shattered. I could not get out of bed, much less zip off on a career as a \$250-an-hour hustler. I still wasn't dating, and here my ex of one month was set to flounce down the aisle!

The whole experience only served to reinforce my opinion that the whole sham about women being the weaker sex was a simple but cruel hoax, perpetuated with much malice aforethought. Women may be weaker, say, in weight-lifting, but in the emotional arena they can outpump any man on Earth. It's been true my whole life: women bounce back more easily, more quickly, more effortlessly than I ever have.

The weak shall inherit the Earth — if by "weak" you mean women. They will inherit it all, because they will have rendered all the male heirs into emotional basket cases. The soft, "feeling" side of life has always been touted as a peculiarly feminine realm, and they have used their time in it well. The women of the 80s have turned into relationship *ninjas*.

As further proof, I offer up Laura. She was a professor I met

through the personals ads, which I have used with increasing frequency as a way to meet women. Laura was a slim, 35-year-old glamor-puss who taught maths at a local college. She was, at first, seemingly totally hypnotised by my lifestyle. It was a world she had never entered and had never imagined, a world of bizarre, quirky fascinations and compelling sexual sideshows. She was Alice in Wonderland, a naif in the den of iniquity. She was so enamoured of it she made me a little less jaded myself, and after 20 years in the sex biz, I found myself looking forward to the next porn-star strip show or the next big S&M slave auction.

drawn. After a long, tortured period, we decided to call it quits for good. In a sense, it was a relief — but that didn't prevent my intense bout of mourning for Laura, for our relationship and for everything that it represented.

Meanwhile, I began to see Laura around town. Usually she was with a friend or acquaintance whom I had introduced her to. She was cordial and mature about our meeting, but I could tell she was having a much better time than I was. Again, the tables had been turned, and the woman on whom I had walked out had become triumphant in the end.

The pattern has been repeated so many times that I no longer

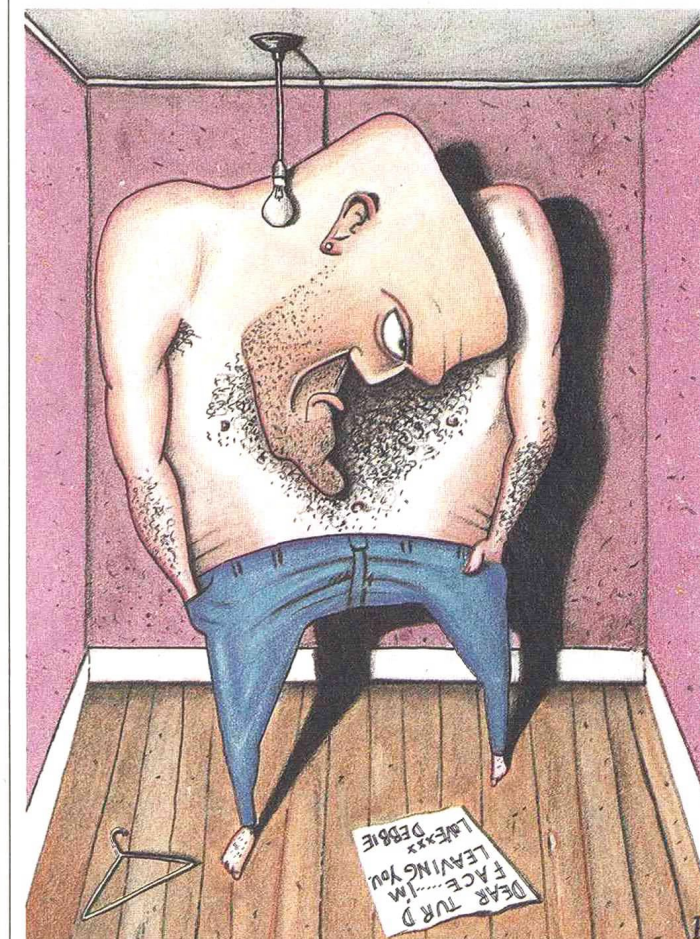


Illustration by Simon Bosch

Laura and I decided to move in together. It was here that the frictions began. As a gay blade divorcé, I had become accustomed to my own tempo around the house. Having another person around harkened back to my first marriage, and I became increasingly short and nasty with Laura. She became hurt and with-

have any doubt about it. Men have reminded themselves that their emotional vulnerability is of a rawer sort than that of women, and for all her vaunted sensitivity she can put on a game face sooner than he can. Maybe some day soon we can learn to be as tough as any woman. — *Al Goldstein*

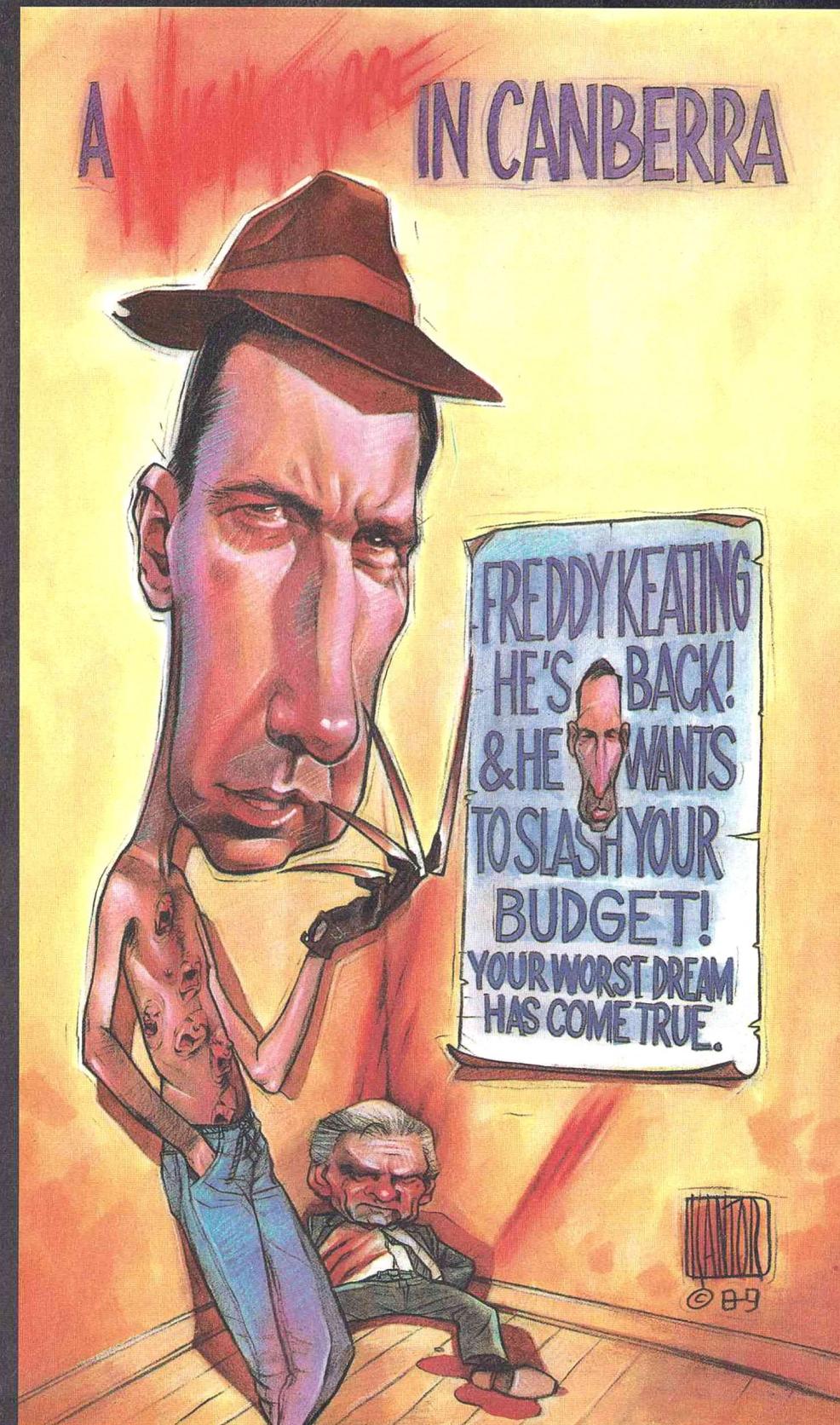


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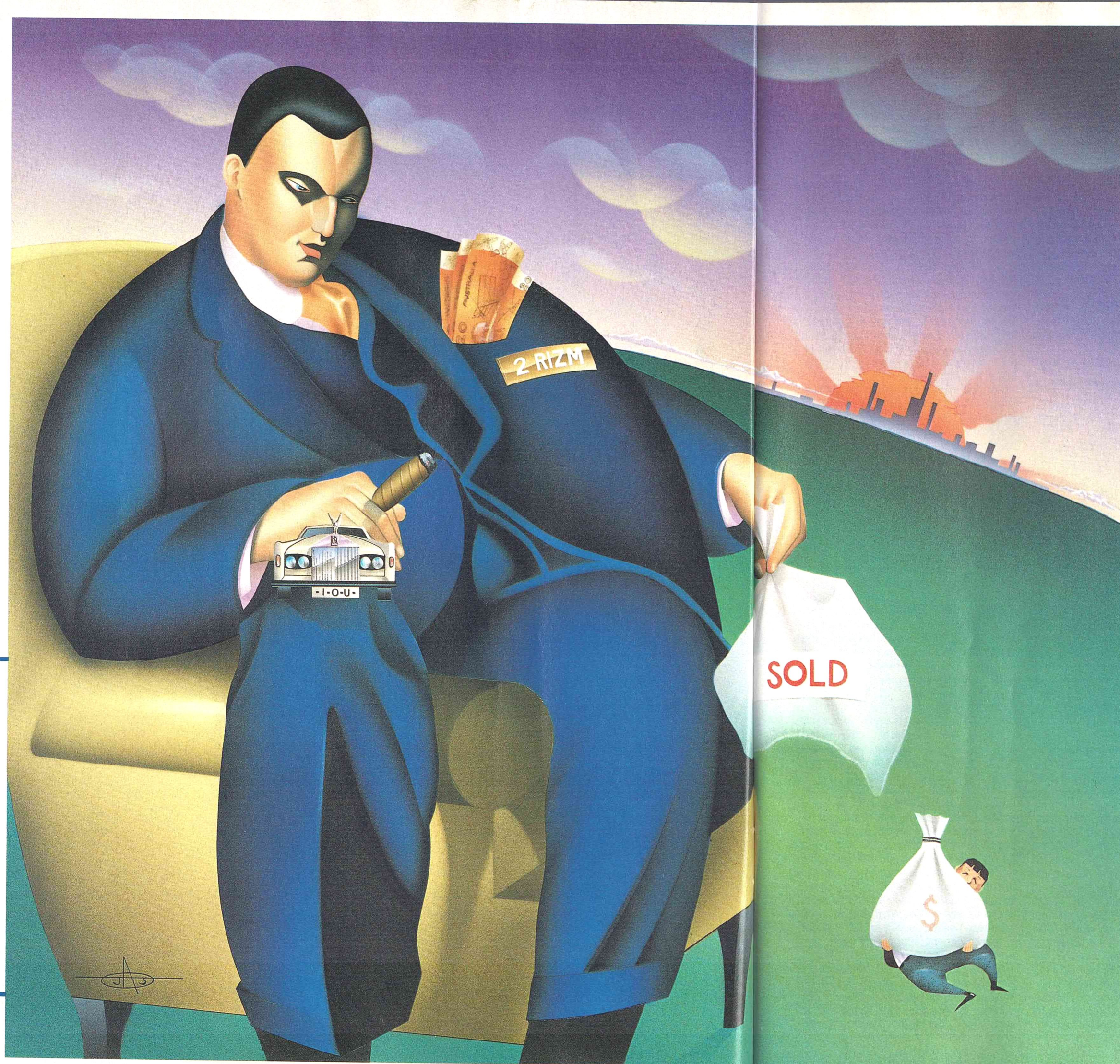


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KANTOR'S GALLERY



BY FRANTS KANTOR



Would Paul Hogan be doing us a favor if he
chucked another Minister for Tourism on the
barbie?

They're willing to pay anything for certain items — even vegetables. So we get inflation," says Nepalese author Prakash Raj, who wrote Lonely Planet's *Guide To Nepal*. He's talking about tourists, who are Nepal's major source of foreign exchange and the backbone of its major industry.

A similar complaint is heard in many beautiful, but poor, Third World countries.

In Thailand fuck-trucks (jumbo-jets) fly in weekly from Australia, Germany and America to continue corrupting the Thai girls, for whom 500 Baht (\$A25) is a fortune; in the Philippines it's the same story, although young boys are also targeted.

In Seoul, Pyun Yong Ju, a laborer, is told his self-built shanty will have to come down: it's an eyesore too close to the Olympic Games stadium and will put tourists off. Too poor to afford a government-built apartment, Mr Pyun will just have to take his building scraps elsewhere.

At least he was not chased out by the police and army, as were some of the villagers around Borobudur, an historic temple in Java. More than 100 families living in the villages of Krajan and Kenayan were asked to leave their traditional homes to make way for a Japanese-backed tourist development. The tourist park was to take advantage of the restoration of the temple, recently completed thanks to UNESCO funding.

According to reports from Asia Burea Australia, the residents, who argue that they are an integral part of the temple and it part of them, were offered compensation, discussion or outlawry. In 1983, when the Borobudur evictions were taking place, outlaws could be shot on sight in Indonesia.

Of course, things are like that in the Third World. In Australia we do things differently.

Maybe. Ever hear of the Iwasaki Resort near Rockhampton? Despite fierce local opposition (admittedly a lot of it just pure racism), a private Japanese tourist developer was afforded better than normal rights to 26 kilometres of Queensland

BY P.D. JACK

the last RESORT

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN SCOTT

the last RESORT

coast. The locals had no say in the matter.

Incidentally, Mr Iwasaki was going to build the world's biggest tourist resort there which, it was said back in 1974, would attract half a million Japanese tourists a year. The resort is years behind schedule and all of Australia is lucky to attract 250,000 Japanese tourists a year.

However, that number is growing — and not just of Japanese tourists, although these most obvious tourists (they are just as noticeable as, though a lot less noisy than, American tourists) are the fastest growing market for the Australian tourism industry. In the first quarter of this year 80,000 Japanese visited Australia, a 55 percent increase on the same quarter in 1987. Many of these visitors are businessmen but it is estimated that well over half are tourists.

About three in every 20 visitors to our shores are Japanese. Only New Zealand and the UK (and Ireland) provide more tourists.

The reasons for the upsurge in popularity of Australia as a destination for Japanese travellers are not hard to find. The Australian industry has been targeting that market for some years, along with the US and our traditional markets. The Japanese Government, embarrassed by its huge foreign currency reserves, is actively encouraging its people to enjoy more leisure time and to enjoy it overseas: in fact, to spend all those foreign dollars.

So, while ever the yen continues to soar, Australia is within the reach of many of the ordinary middle-income earners of Japan. At the moment the big numbers are honeymooners whose visits are only short compared to the visits of other nationalities. Once the market extends to university leavers and the middle-aged, and the visits become longer, the numbers will be enormous.

What Bali has become to Australia, Australia has become to Japan.

Now if you ever went to Bali in the Sixties and went back today, you could become one of those who are beginning to express concern at the "Japanese invasion" of Australia — and probably for the right reasons.

However, a lot of the present opposition is — I reckon anyway — simple racism with economic frills. I mean, why pick on the poor Japanese tourists, who are polite, whose loudest noise is usually a giggle, and who come from a society where respect for tradition is almost a religion (indeed it was)? You don't get many Japs trampling all over sacred burial grounds or chucking empty tinnies out the bus window.

Maybe not, argue the xenophobes, but you do get the Japanese buying tourist hotels and resorts in their favored destinations, running their own opal shops and

bus lines, and maximising the flow back to honorable Nippon of the money their tourists spend overseas. It happened in Hawaii, Guam and other Pacific Islands and, it is being suggested, it could happen here — *is* happening here. They've bought the Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary on the Gold Coast, haven't they?

It is also true that some of our flasher hotels and resorts have been purchased by Japanese companies. The Japanese developer EIE Group has bought Australia's (allegedly) number one hotel, the Regent of Sydney, and also owns the Merlin in Perth. Apartment developer Daikyo Kanko has taken a prominent position in Queensland, owning the Brisbane Sheraton, 80 percent of the Gold Coast International, a share in Jupiter's Casino and in Palm Meadows, and a half share in the Cairns Hilton. Daikyo also operates a real estate agency on the coast.

There are a few other Japanese owners

What
Bali has
become to Australia,
Australia has
become to
Japan

among the leading hotels and resorts. Kenamatsu Kigyo has a big slice of Perth's Burswood Island Resort, while the other half is owned by a Chinese Government company and the actual operation is handled by a Malaysian company — the only Aussies are the mugs at the tables. But according to a survey done by the International Hotels division of real estate agents Jones & Lang & Wootton, the great bulk of our leading hotels are Australian-owned.

Sydney, which is by far the most popular tourist destination for anyone, including the Japanese, has only a small Japanese presence. There's the Regent; Nikko will run, but not own, the reborn Chevron; and at the time of writing there was talk around that Alan Bond was selling the Hilton, possibly to Daikyo, which may or may not be providing the funds for some other new hotel developments. But of the 12 five-star hotels in Sydney mid-year, only one was owned by Japanese interests. In Melbourne, none were owned by Japanese.

Certainly the Japs are big in Queensland, which is seen as the growth area for tourism. Australian developers haven't the

ability to hang in there for the long run; they like to turn a quick profit by selling out soon after completion. Fair enough: building is their game, not running resorts. But, argue the xenophobes, the wily Japanese not only take a long view, they have the money to accept low returns in the early years, which means they can outbid their rivals for any properties they want.

Opponents of this trend of Japanese corporations buying up existing businesses, as well as developing new businesses, argue that this puts a lot of the wealth to be gained from tourism into foreign hands.

Not so, says others, most notably Ross Gittins, *Sydney Morning Herald* writer, who points out that most of any hotel bill is made up of food purchases and wages — that is, money that will stay in Australia. Any profit left over is taxed at 39 percent (in theory, anyway) so what flows out of the country will be a mere drop in the ocean.

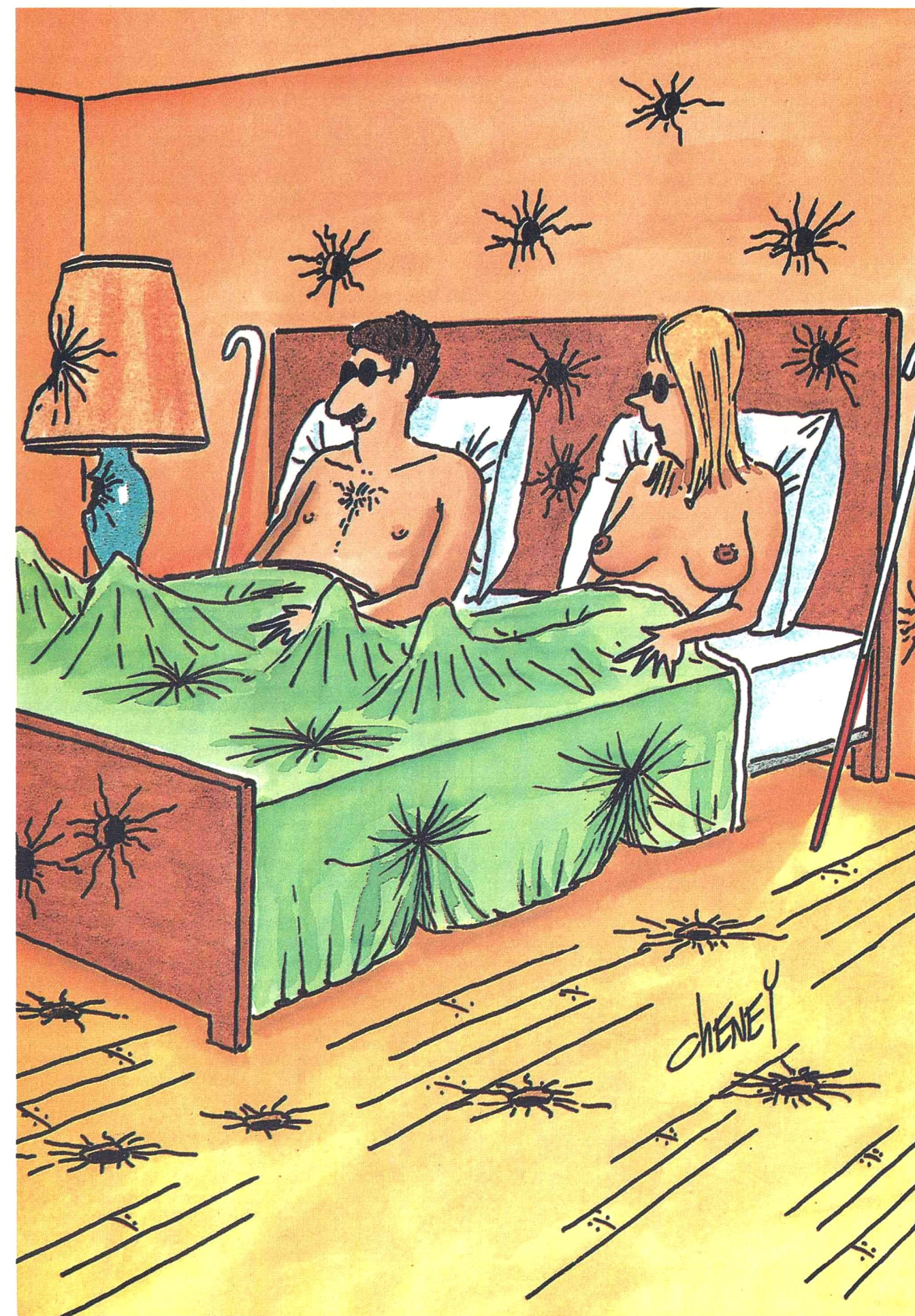
But how big's the ocean? The 31 five-star hotels and resorts in Australia did a little over \$100 million worth of business, on accommodation alone, in the final three months of last year. If we include the 94 four-star places then in operation, we can assume the top end of the tourist (and business) accommodation game is worth about \$650 million a year — and growing. (And not just in numbers of customers — last year top-end hotel room rates soared to more than double 1985 rates).

If we whack, say, a conservative 50 percent of the accommodation take for the value of breakfast, mini-bar, phone calls, dining room etc, we get to \$1 billion worth of four and five-star hotel business a year.

Now a 10 percent profit rate on turnover seems fair enough if you consider that the hotelkeeper's cop on the mini-bar, food etc is huge (in hotelkeeping the room rates pay the bills and the extras are cream). So that gives Australia's 125 top-line pubs \$100 million profit potential to divvy up, which as you can see is less than one mill each and when you look at it, chickenfeed (although I'd have to suggest I've probably erred on the side of caution in my assumptions).

Of course, that profit potential is only on the operating side and doesn't take into account "rent." Most flash hotels and resorts are owned by somebody other than the operator, who either pays the owner a flat fee and, usually, a piece of the profits or pays the owner everything except his own performance-based fee. As you can imagine, the rent on some of these joints would be fairly huge. When last year the Japanese-based developer EIE bought Sydney's Regent (supposedly the best in Australia but give me the Grand at Tumut any day), \$145 million was the price — almost twice its development cost three and half years earlier.

When Brunei zillionaire Tan Sri Khoo sold the Southern Pacific group



"I especially enjoyed it when you penetrated me!"

the last RESORT

(Travelodge, Parkroyal etc) in order to settle a few debts (the Sultan has alleged the Khoos were tickling the central bank till to the tune of a couple of hundred million), the consortium that bought the 38-hotel chain paid \$540 million. The buyers were foreign — they usually are with Southern Pacific, which was once owned by international arms trader and possible bankrupt Adnan Kashoggi — but they were not Japanese; the consortium includes the Pritzker family of the US, who own hoteliers Hyatt and Braniff Air, and Hong Kong-based Adrian Zechers, who founded the Regent chain and now owns the Beaufort chain.

To pay that sort of money — admittedly for Rolls Royce class products — there must be a fair sort of quid in the game, and it's probably fair enough that the xenophobes are questioning how many of those quids are flowing overseas. Following the relaxation of Foreign Investment Review Board requirements, there is no way of knowing. Indeed, much of the argument about foreigners, be they Japanese or Patagonians, is being held in a vacuum. Nobody really knows who owns what, where the money's coming from or going to, whether we should do anything about it, and if so, what?

In fact this whole tourist boom — for

which the ex-Minister for Having a Good Time and a Wink and Nod to Your Mates, John Brown, takes much of the credit — seems to have been a great *ad hoc* rage where we've gone hell-for-leather and worry about the consequences afterwards. It's a bit like, I suggest, a 16-year-old girl who "likes a bit" deciding to turn professional and leaving it till she's 30 to count up the bruises, black eyes and doses of clap to see if it was all worthwhile.

Many years ago I had a co-writing job with a mate who lined up the perfect writer's retreat somewhere up in North Queensland. The place was a Pacific paradise and I suggested we earn a few bob on the side by doing some yarns on the place for the travel mags. He turned and looked at me coldly.

"How do you keep Australia beautiful?" he asked.

"Dunno. How?" I said.

"Don't tell anyone about it," he replied.

I understood immediately. Years before that I wrote a piece for a surfing publication on a place called (*whisper mumble*) Agnes Waters and inadvertently let slip a tiny clue that a brilliant detective who surfed could have used to work out where the place was. The magazine received a number of letters next month from angry locals threatening the author — me — with all kinds of painful retribution for my ghastly error.

It's more than just selfishness — it's commonsense. When word gets out the end is nigh. In come the day-trippers, the yahoos, the broken beer bottles, ice-cream wrappers, plastic, real estate men, council roads, brick shithouses, building inspectors, licensing police, hooligans, harlots and concrete trucks.

Sydney's infamous Rocks district, once a vile slum and the haunt of violent "pushes" and razor gangs, was not too long ago a charming industrial village where brandy merchants and wool lumpers mixed with wandering seamen and warehousemen. It was a place of quiet bustle, of people doing things, carrying, storing, making, recording; working, for the most part, at honest toil. It was a delightful place, humming softly with useful activity.

Since then nearly all the useful activity has moved out. The Rocks have been dolled up like a pox doctor's clerk and turned into a hodge-podge of ordinary eateries and quaintie-waintie neo-historic souvenir shops selling over-priced shit. On holiday eves its pubs pour forth drunken louts — mostly young tourists — who vomit and piss their way up George Street. During the day it is thronged with flocks of tourists wandering about with dazed faces as if waiting for something to happen or wondering why they are there. But nothing will happen because there is no reason to be there — because there is nothing happening and because there is nothing, of substance, there.

There are hardly even any Australians, except curio sellers and that awful breed that is springing up, that always does spring up round such places: the professional Australian. These are blokes of less than average intelligence who dress as city slickers think we dress in the outback: those stupid bloody Akubras (which I've rarely seen outside a city), jeans or moleskins, riding boots, Drizabones if the sky clouds over and sometimes even the leather pocket knife pouch on the belt. Or they might sit around the bar in a blue singlet cadging drinks from naive New Zealanders and going on about the Never-Never and convicts and Ned Kelly and other palpable nonsense...

It is twenty to nine on a fine morning and the 311 bus trundles around the Ithaca Road loop, on to Elizabeth Bay Road, and along through Kings Cross, where it stops while leviathan tourist coaches back and file across the narrow streets that were not designed for them but which they insist on using just as we want to get to work.

And then down through Woolloomooloo where, every so often for some unfathomable reason, we pick up groups of tourists who ask the driver in halting English the fare. All wish to pay individually by ten-dollar note, or "Is this the right coin?" and "Does this bus go by the Intercontinental?" Generally they waste another ten

minutes of everyone's morning.

Minor irritations surely, but irritations nevertheless. And what good does tourism do me in return for making me late for work? Where's my pay-off?

Although I may never get a dollar put into my hand by a tourist there are, say the industry, huge and tangible benefits stemming from tourism. According to surveys conducted for the Bureau of Tourism Research (part of the government), each overseas tourist spent an average of \$1528 after they landed in Australia in 1986/87.

That is, each tourist was then worth the same amount as we get from the export of ten tonnes of wheat, 27 tonnes of coal or 64 tonnes of iron ore. Given that close to a million tourists visited Australia last year the coal industry would have to find another two and a quarter Central Queensland coalfields to earn as much as inbound tourism (excluding airfares).

Of course foreign travellers are only a small component of the Australian travel industry. Australians made some 44 million local trips in 1986/87; about half of those trips were for pleasure or holidays.

If we include the purely domestic industry — which we must, because Aussie yobbo tourists are just as destructive as any foreign visitor — then the total tourist industry is estimated to be worth more than \$25 billion a year: six percent of our Gross Domestic Product. About 430,000 jobs — full and part-time — are attributed to the industry and last financial year the industry's payroll, sales and other indirect taxes coughed up some \$2.7 billion to various governments round the country.

Although locals outnumbered foreigners in most locations (except some of the up-market Queensland resorts) the foreign traveller is seen by the industry as much more desirable. The foreign tourist brings in new money and spends more of it over a longer period of time than the stingy Australian. The Bureau of Tourism Research estimates about 250 domestic tourists are needed to create one job; only 32 foreign visitors are required for the same purpose.

The money generated from tourism is big — and getting bigger. Along with the financial services sector, tourism is the fastest-growing industry in Australia. In the last quarter of 1986 total inbound travel, including airfares paid to QANTAS, was worth \$944 million; by the same quarter last year this had jumped to \$1.17 billion and for the following three months it jumped again to \$1.3 billion, putting us on line for a \$5 billion-plus 1988.

However, to put it into perspective, the December quarter last year also happened to be the first time Australia earned more from foreign visitors than we paid out as travellers going abroad ourselves. The score? \$1.173 billion spent by them to \$1.132 billion spent by us — a margin of just \$41 million.

So from the all-important Balance of Payments point of view, the inbound tourists are only just making up for the fact that we look for any excuse to dash off overseas (and not fly QANTAS) and the net impact of the whole flaming industry on our massive trade deficit is only minor. For it to significantly reduce the \$11 billion a year deficit (the difference between what we pay for imports against the foreign exchange we earn on exports), tourism is going to have to earn a net positive balance of a lot more than \$41 million a quarter.

It's improving. The first quarter of this year saw that margin rise to \$110 million, thanks in part to the 50 percent increase in visitors from Japan, then running at 30,000 a month. (The Poms and Paddies sent us 36,000 travellers in socks and sandals a month and the Land of the Long White Thong-clapper sent 35,600 a month across the Tasman.)

One problem with the Australian culture has long been identified: we are not a race of servants. We make terrible waiters.

Still, we're running just to stand still. If tourism is to be the savior of the Balance of Payments, those 30 to 50 percent annual increases in inbound travellers will have to continue for some years.

Some in the industry think this is possible, pointing out that only six percent of all Japanese long-distance travellers include Australia in their itinerary; and the rate is about half that for Yanks. This, they say, means the market can only get bigger. Economist Allen Carroll recently told a tourist industry convention that he expects two million Japanese visitors a year within five years, and five million (almost 20 times the present rate) a year by 1995.

But have we beds to put them in? Possibly. Last summer only about one-third of the available hotel and motel beds were occupied (two-thirds of the rooms). Excluding new rooms, which are increasing slowly, if the tourism industry grows by more than about a third the hotels and motels are going to have to start shoving everyone in together.

The industry is already encouraging English-style "b&b's", where you, Mr and Mrs Average, let tourists stay overnight in

your spare room and you give 'em brekkie. Can you imagine it?

Sydney could stand maybe twice the number of hotels, but I doubt if the Cross could. There have already been scores of old-time Aussie tenants kicked out to make way for high rent-paying backpackers from Scandinavia, and it's getting difficult to walk down the street for all the tourists.

Cairns, too, is wall-to-wall travellers. Poor old Ayers Rock is booked solid for months. And I doubt you could fit another high-rise on the Gold Coast with a shoehorn.

Bill Gallagher, of the Bureau of Tourism Research, admits that Australia could have some problems if tourism is not handled properly. "We must take care to understand the carrying capacity of Australia — both environmentally and socially," he says. "The tourists, especially the Japanese, are highly visible and have conjured up this xenophobic reaction. I believe it's up to the tourist industry to counteract that. But I don't know of any research into the Australian cultural and environmental carrying capacity. My gut feeling is that we've got considerable space in which to accommodate even bigger numbers. And yes, there might be a problem with our cultural capacity."

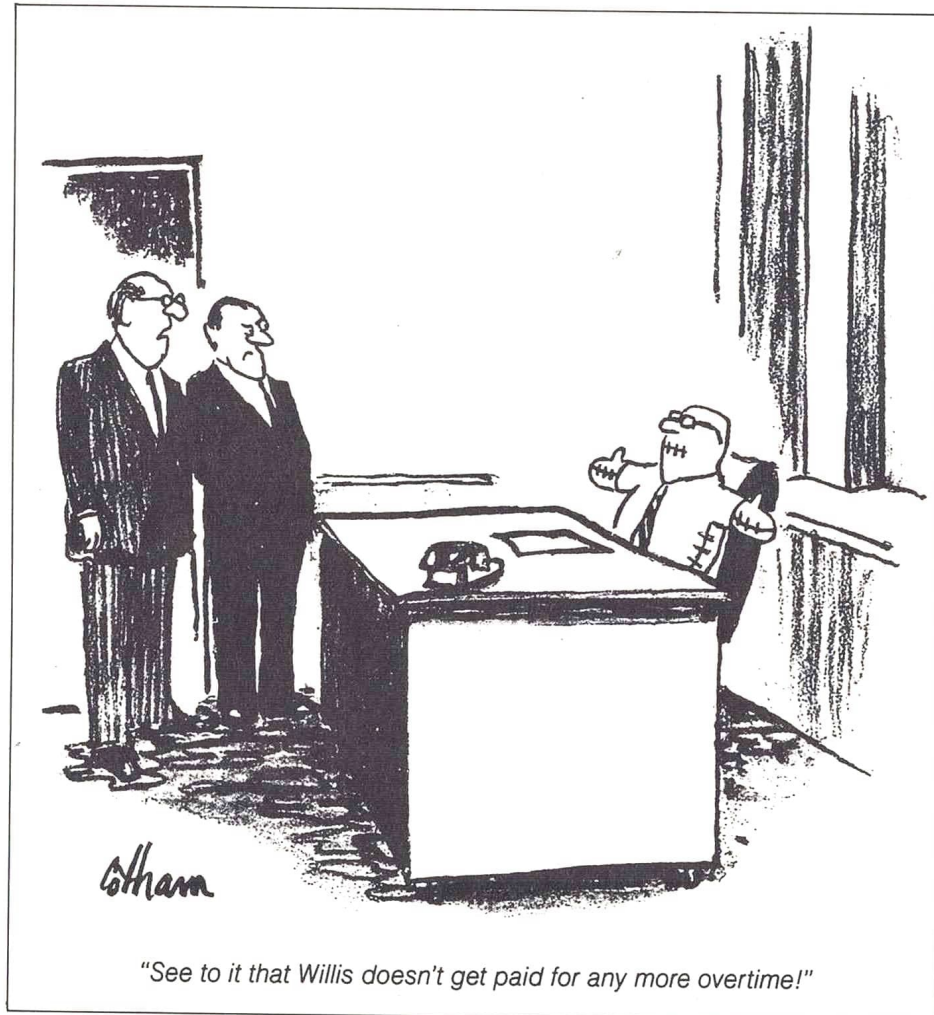
One problem with the Australian culture has long been identified: we are not a race of servants. We make terrible waiters. This is partly because we're proud and reckon we're equal to everybody else, if not better; and because most waiters and waitresses are not waiters or waitresses at all but really something else — university students or Water Board clerks earning a few extra dollars.

The industry has also been in the forefront against the payment of penalty rates for weekend and night work, which it claims increase the costs of running tourist businesses. The unions, arguing that there must be a compensation paid for the disruption of normal social life, have so far resisted strenuously. But this Labor Government is a strange one and John Brown said enough when he was minister to suggest the government may soon oppose penalty rates in "tourism-related industries" (whatever they are). So, in pursuit of foreign money, another long-held privilege of the workers is threatened.

Even democracy itself is threatened by the demands of this apparently insatiable industry. In his recommendations to the NSW Government on the restructuring of the Sydney City Council, Judge Alf Goran suggested that Sydney, run by an elected council since the 1850s, should be run by businessmen appointed by the government.

One of his main reasons for suggesting this was that elected councils were too interested in catering to residents, and this

Continued on page 98



new FACES

Julia Parton is the kind of girl who believes a stranger is merely a friend she hasn't got to know yet. "I'm a people person," she says. "While ever new faces are turning up in my life, I'm stimulated — and that's the way it's got to be for me."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS





"Of course I respect people's right to be loners and introverted if they choose, but I sure can't relate to it. The trouble is so many people are not that way by choice. It amazes me how people can come out of their shell when they're encouraged."



Julia's openness has rebounded on her a couple of times — "I've had to cope with the odd spook" — but she's determined never to let experiences of the unpleasant kind get the better of her. "There's too many wonderful people around to be put off for long," she says.



"I've found it hard to be with the one guy for any length of time. A lot of men seem to get uncomfortable about the way I have to keep on the move with people."





"My ideal man will be the guy who not only looks gorgeous but who can come to grips with this side of me. I mean, it's probably an instinctive reaction for men to get touchy about women getting too friendly with others, but there's got to be someone out there who can cope with it — I hope."



LAND OF THE LONG BLACK CLOUD

PART 2



Will New Zealand's Maori
gangs become the
stormtroopers in a racial war?

BY GREG HUNTER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIKE WALKER

"Where did they get the money for that?" This was the question that occupied the minds of white New Zealanders back in 1986 when the South Auckland chapter of Black Power returned from a US West Coast

buying spree with a six-door stretched Cadillac limousine, a Lincoln Continental and 18 motor bikes, 15 of them Harley-Davidsons. The pictures told a story of ostentatious success: there was the chapter "pres", Abe Wharewaka, cruising through his urban domain in a mobile office complete with bar and television, flanked by an escort of smug-faced bros astride their cherished Harley hogs, ever ready to make the Black Power fist for the benefit of the cameras. *At last, the good life. This is how it can be.* White racists in a beleaguered economy simmered with resentment. White liberals merely wondered... "Where did they get the money for that?"

Indeed. For the popular theory has always been that New Zealand's Maori gangs are heavily involved in organised crime, particularly drug dealing. It's an article of faith among *Pakehas*, an assumption that underlies all discussion of the gang scene. The evidence, though, is less than overwhelming.

The gang members' crimes run the gamut from sly grog to murder. Illegal possession of drugs and firearms, robbery, car theft, rape, assault — this is bread and butter stuff for the bros. It's what they do. You could call it disorganised crime. Sometimes it's so disorganised that the boys will do a "burg" (burglary), come up against a choice between a color TV and a

carton of Steinlager, and take the booze instead of the box.

But extortion? Protection rackets? Highly organised and extensive drug distribution? Money-laundering behind legitimate business fronts? Former Auckland police inspector and now National Party MP Ross Meurant accuses the gangs of all these activities. But police raids on gang headquarters invariably produce only small quantities of grass — no narcotics — and caches of illegal firearms. And what of the lack of court cases establishing widespread gang involvement in organised crime for large profits?

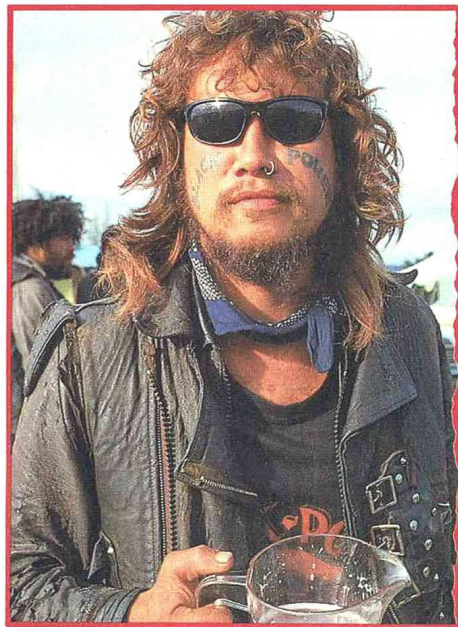
"Having been a police inspector as little as 18 months ago," Meurant told *Pent-*

house, "I know the police dossiers are well abreast of their activities. You may take it for granted that what I'm saying will transpire to be true — that they're major distributors of drugs, and they're involved in nearly all the bank robberies so they can get money to buy dope. I don't believe they are heavily involved in cultivation of marijuana because that's hard work. But when you're looking at distribution and muscling in and extortion and so on, that's when they come into their own. They're not the importers, but they're extremely well-placed to distribute dope because they muscle in everywhere. And they distribute harder drugs as well."

Black Power National President Rei

Harris reckons the "organised crime" allegations are a police and media beat-up. "The gangs are not turning over heroin in this country. That stuff is mainly done through big businessmen. Our guys who grow marijuana are doing that to survive — they're not into it for profit. The movement as a whole is not into turning over large sums of money."

A former undercover policeman has claimed that he infiltrated Auckland Black Power some years ago and actually went with enforcement groups each Friday to pick up the chapter's takings from its various "franchises." Abe Wharewaka says that's bullshit. "People are always trying to link our success to some sort of Mafia



BLACK CLOUD

operation," he told a reporter last year. "What we have done proves that groups like us can make an honest dollar."

And, on the face of it, Wharewaka's operation looks impressive. A period of introspection in Paremoro prison left him determined to get Black Power's act together in South Auckland. The result is a \$1 million social and industrial complex called The Factory, out of which Black Power now runs several legitimate businesses including a timber mill, a panel-beating shop, a building contracts firm and a plush nightclub. No doubt the government contributed somewhat to the early success of the enterprise with its various employment schemes, which the gangs successfully exploited, according to leading criminologist and gang expert Warren Young, by high charging for work contracts and a touch of creative accounting. But since the demise of that program early last year, Abe Wharewaka's boys have been making it on their own. Auckland police have mounted numerous raids on The Factory, and the bros have always come up clean — except, of course, for the odd bit of dope and a stray shooter or two.

The Factory, along with Rei Harris' successful demolition outfit in Wellington, represents the top end of the gang spectrum. It's a far cry from the troubled streets of Whakatane or Whangarei or Wairoa or Pukekohe or any of a hundred towns where the dole money of bored and frustrated Maoris goes straight across the bar or into the hands of dope dealers; where gang members loiter, pissed and stoned, on street corners, staking out their territory in case of incursions by rival gangs and intimidating the local *Pakehas*; where the only avenues of achievement are a successful robbery or assault on the designated enemy; and where court listings and court foyers crammed with gang members and associates tell a story of forlorn alienation in a people searching for some way to recapture the dignity — the *mana* — that is the very cornerstone of their culture.

It began back in the early Sixties when the first Maori gangs appeared in the freezing works towns of the North Island. Then in 1970 Rei Harris and six other young Maoris formed a gang in Wellington, called themselves the Black Bulls and wore rings through their noses to look different. A couple of years later they changed the name to Black Power and, according to Harris, "From there it was like spilling oil on concrete — it just spread right through the country." Obviously the name change struck a long-dormant chord in the ranks of Maori delinquents.

Right from the outset there was always violence between Maori gangs. Auckland

already had its Stormtroopers when Black Power became a major force in the mid-Seventies; then there was the newly emerging Mongrel Mob, a gang which had its origins, according to legend, when a down-country judge told an offender who appeared before him: "You're nothing but a mongrel." And finally, the Headhunters — never a large group and now in decline, but in their prime the most vicious and dangerous of all the ethnic gangs.

The thousands of entries in the newspaper files show a continually repeating pattern: a periodic upsurge in gang rapes, assaults, firebombings and shotgun murders — a vendetta of some sort in progress; allegations of police and government going soft on gangs; police crackdowns involving raids on heavily fortified gang headquarters and confiscation of Molotov cocktails and other weaponry; shifting alliances and short-lived "truces" between rival gangs, especially Black Power and the Mongrel Mob; continual *Pakeha* attempts at conciliation and efforts to get gang members into constructive activities; apparent progress — or at least a hiatus in gang violence — followed by another outbreak of sickening crimes . . . and thus the cycle begins again. It's a story of a white society trying desperately to come to terms with the hostility in its midst, trying to get at "the root of the problem" but continually confronted by acts of apparently senseless violence, and occasionally throwing up its arms in exasperation and crying: "We've had a gutsful of this."

Some of the "solutions" reflect the desperation of the *Pakehas*. They've ranged from throwing money at the gangs through various employment schemes — an effective measure until political pressure, arising from allegations of widespread abuse, forced the government to pull the plug — through to attempts to ban the gangs completely. Compulsory military service has been suggested as an outlet for Maori aggression, and so has compulsory participation in the game of golf. It was thought by one Police Minister that this would have a "civilising" effect.

1979 was a heavy year. Public panic reached its height after the Moerewa Incident in Auckland, where in a confrontation with police a pack of Stormtroopers set a fire engine and a police van on fire and tried to force a police officer into the burning van. In 1981 Maori gangs got involved in massive bloody riots with police during the Springbok tour. And 1988 has been the year of soaring gang membership — apparently in response to the unemployment spiral and cancellation of subsidised labor programs. Early in 1987 total gang membership was reckoned to be 2200. Now, depending on which figure you accept, it's anywhere between 3940 and 7000. 1988 has also been the year of the "get tough" policy. The Maori gangs, always a convenient political scapegoat,

are the highly visible focus of all that is wrong with New Zealand's race relations. The government has put up a Bill that will allow police to arrest gang members merely for assembling "in such a manner . . . as to cause a person in the immediate vicinity . . . to fear on reasonable grounds that the persons so assembled will use violence against persons or property . . ." A sanction for police harassment, similar to the "sus" laws that sparked off the Brixton riots. It may turn out to be nothing more than political window-dressing, but it's an indication of how fearful white New Zealand has become.

Academics blame the gang phenomenon, and the Maori crime rate in general, on the rapid urbanisation of Maoridom after World War II, which led to a breakdown in tribal restraints and general loss of culture. The Maori are a gregarious people; it was natural for them to replace tribes with gangs. But apart from the terrible economic and social problems of Maori youth, the fuel that feeds the fires of gang violence is supplied by the culture itself. Black Power member Dennis O'Reilly puts it this way: "These young fellows are bloody warriors — they are a physical race, man. They'll have you on — and if you're not there, if you can't back it up, then you've got to stand in line."

That's part of what *mana* is all about. Maoris join gangs for *mana*. They speak of a person having *mana* through their accomplishments as a sportsman, or by virtue of their family name, or simply through the strength of their spirit. *Mana* can be earned, given or lost. And the score is always up on the board for all to see.

This is how it works: in September 1985, a young Mobster wandered into the Black Power club house in Wellington. "He wasn't wearing the Mob colors so it was okay," O'Reilly recalls. "The scene is that if you're at one of our clubs and you're behaving, you're given all the respect of a proper guest and no-one shits on you." But two other guests at the club — outsiders with gang affiliations — tried to take the young Mobster's leathers off him, and a couple of Black Power bros stepped in to help the victim. According to O'Reilly, one of the attackers pulled out a shotgun and Black Power member Gabe Taiwhiti grabbed it from him and clubbed him over the head with it. But the gunman's mate came in over the top and stabbed Taiwhiti through the heart, killing him.

"When there's a thing like that," says O'Reilly, "there's an *utu* called for — a revenge, a settlement of the account. The way to take that up would have been a war against those guys — but when we went and buried Gabe at his home *marae* [Maori meeting place], the old people there said the river was talking settlement, peace. So Wellington Black Power challenged Auckland Black Power — the top team in the Blacks — to a game of League. The *mana*

of the *utu* is actually in the trophy — and every time the boys defend it, they're defending Gabe Taiwhiti."

Normally, as O'Reilly implies, the settlement of accounts is a more blood-thirsty affair. And the Maori have long memories. So it is that Black Power and Mongrel Mob inmates are rigidly segregated in almost every jail in the country. White New Zealanders are not totally ignorant of this aspect of Maori culture, but they're at a loss to know what to do about it. A *Dominion* editorial of November 1985 stated: "At least some of the gang members are men who like fighting for its own sake. All their historical conditioning, however erratic, has emphasised the *mana* of the warrior. What can liberal, earnest, *Pakeha* New Zealand put in its place?"

Pakeha New Zealand can throw the young warriors in jail — but a long sentence is itself a powerful source of *mana*. And, as criminologist Warren Young points

“
To get
into some chapters
they'll have to eat a
shit sandwich and
drink piss from
a gumboot
”

out, "With large groups of Mongrel Mob members in prison, they end up virtually running the place — intimidating other prisoners, getting into protection rackets, obtaining privileges . . . Prisons generally only run okay because the authorities can divide and conquer — but they can't do that with the Mongrel Mob."

Pakeha New Zealand can also assemble enough of its own warriors — the police force — in urban areas to contain outbreaks of gang violence. In country towns, though, the game has got to be played differently. When 150 gang members turn up in some rural outpost for a rock concert, the police don't have the manpower to match those numbers. When gang war breaks out in a two-cop town, the law is whatever the bros decide to make it.

There are 5500 police officers in New Zealand, and a roughly equivalent number of highly mobile and generously armed gang members and associates. The New Zealand Armed Forces are 75 percent Maori. Whichever way you look at those numbers, the fact is that you cannot make this thing go away, no matter how threat-

ening it becomes, and you cannot control it by force alone. So far the authorities have kept the lid on the situation by using "gang liaison officers" — one in every police district — whose job is to monitor gang movements, organise police "shadow patrols" to protect local communities when the bros go on a "run", and generally keep a finger on the pulse. So far the system has worked pretty well, but it depends entirely on mutual respect and co-operation. When that's gone, then all bets are off.

In May 1985 *The Dominion* reported that an Auckland woman fatally stabbed a gang member who was attempting to commit sodomy on her 11-year-old son. She was convicted and discharged without sentence. "Mr Justice Toole said there was no knowing why the man had acted that way, but there was some suspicion from the evidence that it might have been connected with some Satanic ritual of the gang." In cases of violent crime the papers were reluctant to name specific gangs so as to avoid adding to their notoriety, so the identity of the gang in this case is open to question. It's rumored, though, that sodomy is an initiation ritual for some chapters of one of the ethnic gangs.

For most of the bros, the gang is the only place they can expect to find the security and sense of belonging they never had as kids. But no-one gets a free passage into a Maori gang; "prospects" have to prove their mettle time and time again, by doing burglaries for patched-up members, converting cars, supplying booze and fighting for the bros in brawls. Mongrel Mob prospects often serve prison sentences for patched-up senior members, and to get into some chapters they'll have to eat a shit sandwich and drink piss from a gumboot. They'll usually have taken part in a gang "blocking" (in reality a pack rape) as well.

Black Power is a more civilised and constructive outfit. President Rei Harris reckons the initiation rituals are "more a myth than anything. We're looking at guys who come from institutions and broken homes — the bottom of the barrel — and we've got to lift these guys up. It's similar to an apprenticeship. If a prospect is no good he's probably going to be with us five years — but if he sets good standards he could be patched within a year. It's decided on a vote by the whole club, and if one member disagrees, then he's out and it may take him another two years."

In the old days, according to Dennis O'Reilly, Black Power initiation was basically a cruel joke. "You'd make them do a shit in a gumboot, pour beer on it and make them drink it — and then laugh when they did it. I mean, what sort of prick would drink shit from a gumboot? Who'd want him for a mate? I don't think it was

Continued on page 108

Top to bottom: Total commitment; The dream machine — heaps of *mana*; "The Fist" — symbol of rugby league supremacy; The bros in force at an Auckland convention.

PENTHOUSE GOLDEN GEAR KNOBS

MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY

The envelope, please. *Penthouse* announces its motoring and motor sporting gongs for the bicentennial year.

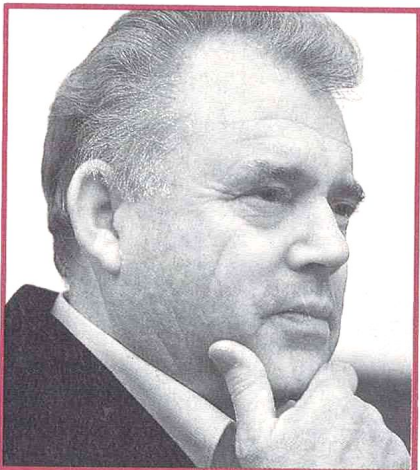
THE RUN THAT BY ME ONE MORE TIME AWARD

To Peter Brock for his mid-year acknowledgement that the notorious polarizer — the orgone energy device at the heart of his split with Holden's — was dead meat. The quote says it all: "I'd say it has gone. History. Had a good idea. Tried to make it work. Got crushed. End of story. Move on to the next project."



THE MOST SENSIBLE IDEA WHILST MAKING YOU LOOK STUPID

To Dr David Burke, of Melbourne's Royal Talbot General Rehabilitation Hospital, who is crusading for compulsory wearing of helmets for people in motor vehicles. A rehab specialist who works daily with brain-damaged crash victims, Dr Burke has a sobering retort for those who worry about the helmets flattening their coiffure: "Better a squashed hairdo than squashed brains."



THE BON AMI-SPONSORED I'LL CLEAN UP THIS MESS IN NO TIME AWARD

To former contract cleaner Ron Dickson of the ProMo marketing organisation for his unfulfilled promise to snare a backer for the Bathurst 1000 "within a few days." After many months of waiting, race organisers took the decision to pay out ProMo's contract. Tooheys has since signed a three-year multi-million dollar deal to back the race. Dickson, best remembered for bringing Paul Newman to race at Bathurst several years ago, could always go back to a mop and bucket.

THE MOST LIKELY TO BECOME A COLLECTOR'S CAR FOR BODGIES AND WIDGIES AWARD

To the grotesque, thundering V8 Holden Commodore Group A SS — marvellous to drive if you can ignore the fact that it looks like something designed by delegates to a tattooists' convention. Attracts hoons and cops; frightens old ladies and dogs.

THE SUGAR RAY LEONARD LIGHTNING RETIREMENT AWARD

To motor racing guru Frank Gardner for announcing he was disbanding the BMW

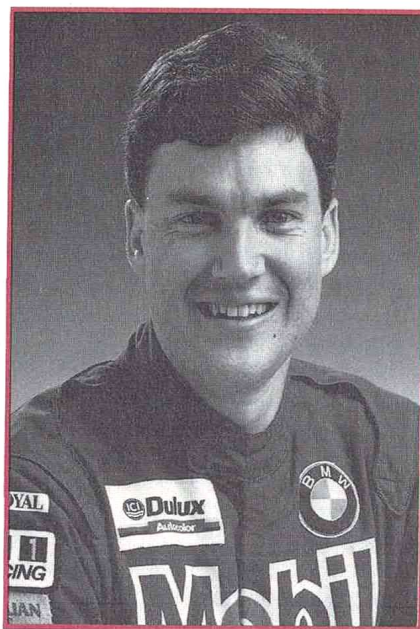
team and bailing out of motor sport. Gardner and his famous terry-towelling hat magically reappeared weeks later with virtually the same personnel and the same cigarette company backing, but with a new BMW-beating Ford Sierra.

THE GEE I MUST HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT MY MAJORCA HOLIDAY AWARD

To fading champ Nelson Piquet for his unfathomable decision to fit slick tyres to his Lotus for the teeming German Grand Prix. Piquet slid into barriers on the first lap and had a wet walk back to the pits.

THE MAYBE I'M A TEENSY BIT BIASED AWARD

To Sir John Egan for the following advertising endorsement: "The Jaguar XJ6 is the best handling, best riding luxury saloon in the world." Sir John, when he's not usurping the role of the motoring journalist, is the chairman of Jaguar.



Clockwise from left: NASCAR visionary Bob Jane; Dick Johnson, zero to hero; Commentator Neil Crompton — foot in mouth; Bodgies' collectors dream, the Holden Group A SS; A gong for Brock's move to BMW.

THE CAN I TRY THAT ONCE AGAIN? AWARD

To Channel Seven commentator Neil Crompton, analysing a possible reason for Dick Johnson's Sierra jumping the start at the Lakeside touring car race: "I don't think it was a Dick problem."

THE PLEASE PROVIDE A URINE SAMPLE IN THIS BOTTLE AWARD (1)

To Dick Johnson for his zero to hero form reversal which had the stewards calling for a swab. Last year he had difficulty getting his new-fangled turbocharged Ford Sierra to stay healthy for more than a lap or two. This year the Turbo Dick rattled up an astonishing number of victories in the touring car title series.

THE PLEASE PROVIDE A URINE SAMPLE IN THIS BOTTLE AWARD (2)

To Nigel Mansell for showing us what 12 months and a change from a Honda to Judd

engine can do for your win rate. Nigel was almost world champ in '87; this season there was cause to celebrate if his Williams made it to the chequer. Ferrari next year, Nigel?

THE DON'T YOU ACCUSE US OF OVERUSING SCOOP PHOTOS AWARD

To *Modern Motor* magazine for securing sneak photos of the then-unreleased VN Holden Commodore and then burying postage-stamp sized shots of its exclusive pics where readers would struggle to see them.

THE IF THAT'S HOW YOU FEEL I'LL TAKE MY CRICKET BAT HOME AWARD

To Peter Flohr, BMW's outspoken motor sports chief who resigned after the board rejected his recommendation that the German car maker re-enter grand prix racing. The resignation from the piqued Peter was accepted.

THE SHIT, WHERE'D HE COME FROM? AWARD

To tearaway Glenn Seton who jumped out of his regular touring car seat to try a Formula II in a championship race at Adelaide. He left the regulars red-faced, winning by the proverbial. It was Seton's first formula car race.

THE GREAT MOVE, SHAME ABOUT THE TIMING AWARD

Another gong to Brock, who after 19 years of racing and winning in Holdens, swung across to BMW in 1988. He was a year too late. In 1987 a BMW M3 won the Australian Touring Car Championship; this year the little Bimmer battled to avoid being lapped by the turbo opposition.

THE MY BALLS ARE BIGGER THAN YOURS AWARD (1)

To business magnate Bob Jane for pursu-

ing a dream to build his kosher Thunderdome NASCAR track in Australia in the face of critics who said it would never work. So far Jane has outlaid a lazy \$30 million to prove 'em wrong. Some of that money went on the obligatory cowboy hat.

THE MY BALLS ARE BIGGER THAN YOURS AWARD (2)

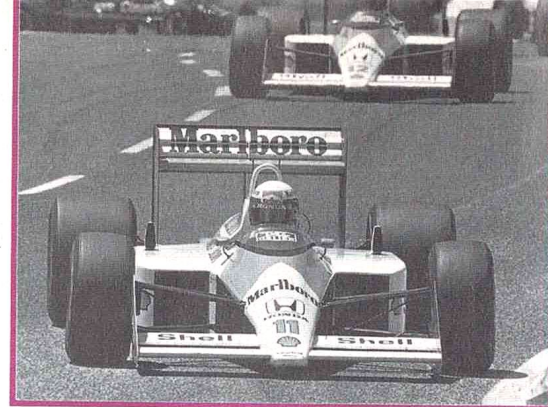
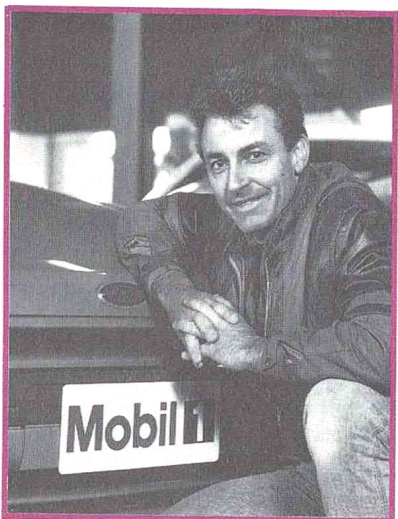
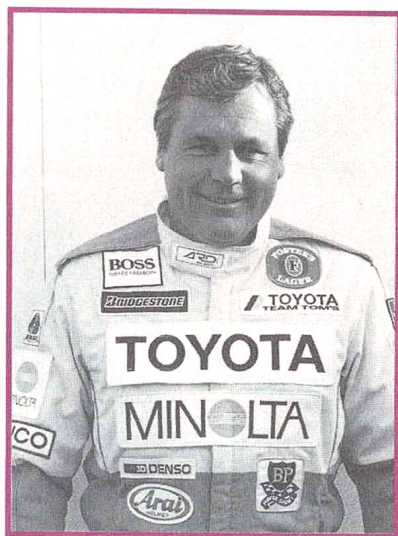
To hard-driving sheila Terri Sawyer for showing that gender is no handicap in the wild world of wheels. Little Terri, 19, leadfooted her way through the wall-to-wall machismo to win the first-ever AUSCAR race held at the aforementioned Thunderdome.

THE YEAH BUT SO BLOODY WHAT? AWARD

To race driver Roger Dorchy, for breaking the 400 km/h barrier for the first time on the infamous Mulsanne Straight during the 24 Hours of Le Mans. With missionary zeal



GEAR KNOBS



Far left top: Alan Jones, resting on his laurels? Far left below: Brock and Ford — unthinkable? Left: A gong for Formula One in '88. Below: Merc's 300CE. Right, top to bottom: BMW's 5-series, a contender; Toyota Camry; Fiat dog.



Dorchy and his team set out, not to win the race, but simply to crack the 400 mark. They did it and parked the car, strangely delirious with glee. Yes, Dorchy is French.

THE GAWD I WISH I HADN'T SAID THAT AWARD

To the ubiquitous Peter Brock again, for proving that the past can often come back to haunt. On the day it was announced that Brock would race a Ford Falcon at Thunderdome, a journalist with a memory like an elephant dragged up an old PB quote from the Holden days: "There are just three things in my life — Holden cars, Marlboro cigarettes and the Collingwood Football Club." At least he's still rooting for the Magpies.

THE HE WAS REALLY A MISUNDERSTOOD ALL-ROUND FUN KINDA GUY AWARD

To Adolf Hitler for showing he did more

than start wars and kill folks. Just ask Volkswagen, celebrating its 50th year as a manufacturer of motor vehicles. VW is best known for its Beetle, aka the People's Car. Designed and produced at Adolf's instigation, the first prototype was driven into Fallersleben (later Wolfsburg) in May 1938 by the Führer himself. After he bunkered out in '45, VW never looked back. Despite its unsavory connections at birth, Volkswagen is now Europe's top selling manufacturer.

THE TOO BAD IF YOU'RE A TEETOTAL REVHEAD AWARD

To the beer barons for their support of Australia's three most important motor sporting events. After many years of studiously avoiding motor sporting sponsorship on account of the drink-drive connotation, suddenly the brewers are tossing big bucks at the horsepower heavies. Fosters

leaped in first to grab the Australian Grand Prix. Swan followed with the Australian Motorcycle Grand Prix. Then Tooheys signed up for the Bathurst 1000. Cheers.

THE ANYBODY SEEN OL' WHATSIFACE? AWARD

To John Goss, Patrick Tambay, Graeme Crosby, Ludwig Finauer, Garry Rogers, Neville Crichton, John Harvey, Alan Jones, Kevin Bartlett, Warren Cullen. All disappeared from the motor racing scene for the greater part of 1988.

THE GIBB & BEEMAN HOW'S YOUR FUCKING EYESIGHT? AWARD

To 500cc world championship rider Tadahiko Taira of Japan for managing to crash into rival Raymond Roche of France well after the chequered flag had been waved in the Italian Grand Prix at Imola. The unfortunate Roche, who doesn't have eyes

in the back of his head, sustained a broken leg. Taira got to hear some interesting swear words in French.

Now, the more serious stuff . . .

THE I'M NOT REALLY MANIC BUT IT HELPS AWARD

To ageing spring chicken George Tatnell, for winning the big '88 dirt-track double in the nation's most ferocious form of racing. Prime timer Boy George, who is 49, triumphed in the Australian Sprintcar Championship and the Winfield national series. Boldness is his friend.

THE RACE OF THE YEAR

The dramatic world 500cc motorcycle championship French Grand Prix. Had everything. Four-way fight up front and then a surprise ending. Won by an incredulous Eddie Lawson after Wayne Gardner's Honda faltered 300 metres from the finish.

THE BEST RACE SERIES OF '88

Heart-stopping world championship bikes. Take a bow Eddie, Wayne, Christian, Kevin . . .

THE WORST RACING OF '88

Formula One. Suffered badly by comparison with the two-wheelers. Hungarian GP was entertaining, the rest instantly forgettable.

THE SMARTEST RACE TEAM OF '88

No contest. Best car, best engine, best engineers, quickest drivers: Marlboro McLaren was so good it turned the world's premier formula into a yawn. Honorable mention to Dick Johnson's Shell team for efforts in touring car title series.

THE BRAVEST ACT OF '88

Italian driver Paolo Barilla, who when spectating at Fuji Raceway rushed to rescue

Denmark's Kris Nissen from a burning Porsche during practice for a sports car championship race. Dressed in street clothing, Barilla stormed into the flames to initiate the release of the badly burned Nissen.

THE BEST MERCY KILLING ACT OF '88

Porsche's decision to bury its bastard son, the lame duck 924 model.

THE BOOK WE'RE MOST LOOKING FORWARD TO READING

The Rise And Fall Of Bill Tuckey, by Peter Brock.

THE SMARTEST MOVE BY A TELEVISION NETWORK

Nine pinching the popular bike grand prix telecast from SBS.

THE DUMBEST MOVE BY A GROUP OF PETROLHEADS

The local motorcycle fraternity complaining about Nine pinching the bike grand prix telecasts from SBS. These turkeys don't realise that the power of Nine's marketing and the size of its audience (relative to SBS) will give the two-wheelers an enormous fillip.

THE MOST LIKELY TO WIN 4WD OF THE YEAR AWARD

Nissan Patrol: Closest the Japanese have gone to matching Range Rover refinement.

THE LEAST LIKELY TO WIN '88 CAR OF THE YEAR AWARD

Fiat Croma: Over priced at any price, under powered, over here.

Ford Falcon EA: Handyman's dream: just fix the glitches and drive.

Lada Samara: Version of Russian roulette and a long way short of the cutting edge of technology. Cheap and . . . cheap.

THE MAJOR CONTENDERS FOR '88 CAR OF THE YEAR AWARD

BMW 750iL: Power and glory. Tour de force for Bavarian technology. Sizzling V12 performance.

Honda Legend coupe: Brilliant first try at upper luxury contender. Benz quality, minus the pricing premium.

Holden Commodore VN: Solid Aussie goer spoilt only by interior's strong Lebanese design influence and bland exterior.

Quad Cam V6 Toyota Camry: Smooth high-tech engine in the uprated chassis for 30 grand.

BMW 535i: Splendid auto sculpture incorporating clever use of space, high level of refinement and performance.

Mercedes-Benz 300CE: Well-documented Benz attributes highlighted by stylish coupe shape and lively engine. 



HUMOR BY STEVE COLLINS

DISASTER SURVIVAL TEST

When the going gets tough do you get out your brown corduroys?

E

veryone has suffered calamity at some time during their lives. The unexpected can occur at the most unfortunate moment, and usually does. One minute serenity, the next catastrophe. What would be your reaction?

Would it be lacking in tact? Would your refined sense of diplomacy desert you? Would you end up a snivelling mess?

Following are several possible disaster scenarios accompanied by probable reactions. Study each scenario carefully, then master them, for no matter what unexpected tragedy befalls you in the future your *savoir-faire* must never desert you, and your manner must at all times remain exemplary.

SCENARIO ONE

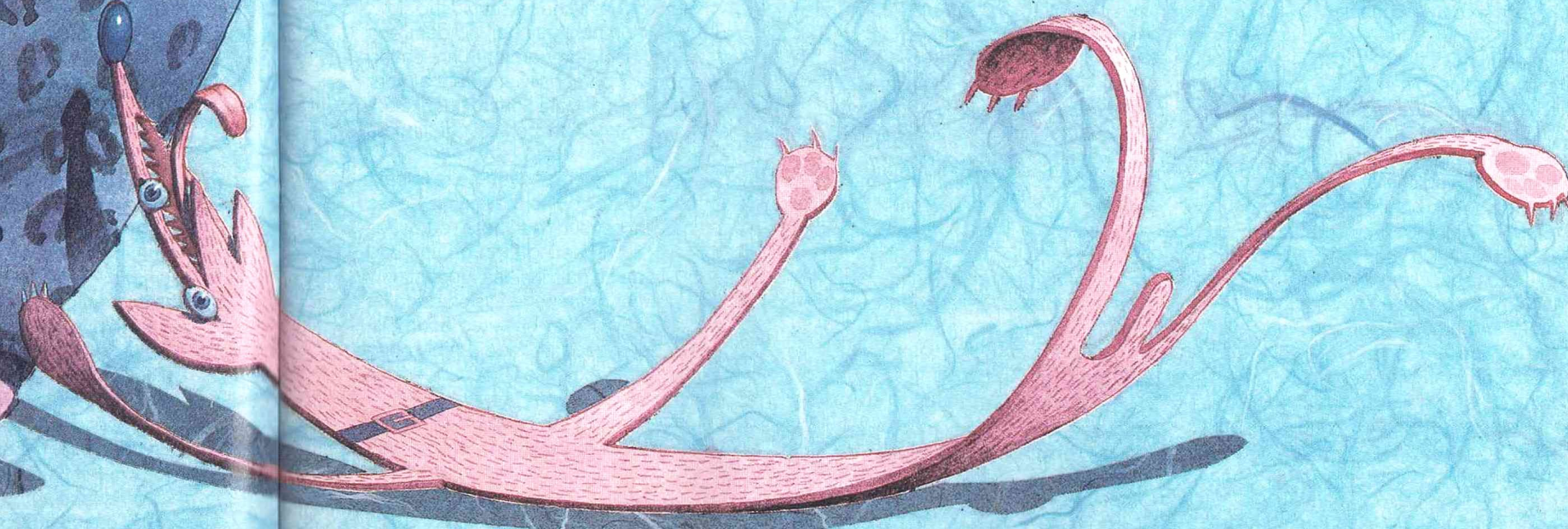
You are the world's fattest woman. You've travelled extensively throughout the world, presenting yourself as the epitome of Australian womanhood.

In the last New Year's Honors List you were graced with the Order Of Australia for services to the Arts. The Flying Tigers have delivered you to London because you've accepted an invitation to Buckingham Palace, where you will be invested with your Honor.

With much pomp and ceremony you are ushered into an anteroom where you pay last-minute attention to the detail of your appearance. Here, you queue with the other recipients waiting to enter the Great Hall.

Your name is finally announced. Not

ILLUSTRATION BY JON BERKELEY



DISASTER

without trepidation, you begin to waddle down the red carpet to the far end of the Great Hall, where Her Majesty is waiting.

You are aware of the many eyes watching your every move and you bristle with dignity as you continue your stately procession to the Royal Throne.

Her Majesty smiles sweetly as you are introduced. You perform a low but difficult curtsy, overbalance, topple precariously and land on Frogmorton, Her Majesty's favorite corgi, squashing it flat beneath you. Do you:

a) Roll around on Frogmorton till you've ironed out all the lumps, then graciously present him to the Queen, at the same time suggesting that she use him to replace that tacky old ermine collar on her robe?

b) Feign epilepsy to disguise your embarrassment and continue leaping on all other visible corgis, thus presenting to Her Majesty the option of using matching doormats at all palace entrances?

c) Glance around at the horrified expressions on the faces of the other recipients and attendant guests, roll off Frogmorton, thrust your hand up his distended rear passage, and launch into an impromptu performance of your Fozzie Bear impression to ease the tension?

SCENARIO TWO

As a junior with Sotheby's you are working at an auction of rare and valuable wines, the likes of which have never been on sale together before. Millionaire connoisseurs from all over the globe have congregated for a fierce battle; bidding has been intense.

It is time to auction the very last bottle, the most treasured wine in the whole collection: an 1806 Chateau Lafite. It is expected to fetch in excess of \$US125,000.

An audible gasp is heard as all eyes set on this most prized of trophies.

With extreme caution you remove the bottle from its padded cabinet. Unfortunately, the bottle is dusty with age and your gloved hand fails to grasp it properly, allowing the Chateau Lafite to slip and fall; painfully it lingers in the air, as if in slow motion, then plummets to the ground, hitting the stone floor with a resounding *ping* before smashing into thousands of pieces, spreading its ruby liquid far and wide. Do you:

a) Get a rope, climb on to the auctioneer's lectern, throw one end over a rafter, tie the other end around your neck and leap off the lectern — conveniently forgetting to tie the other end of the rope around anything?

b) Remove your shoes and socks, roll up your trousers to knee height and step straight into the middle of the mess, then carefully select one of the larger shards and slash furiously at your femoral artery,

allowing the blood to mix freely with the wine, before getting on all fours, taking one polite lick of the fluid, staring straight at the bidders and exclaiming, "Vinegar!"

c) With dignified aplomb stroll straight out to the kitchen to select a well-used Wettex, return to the showroom and carefully mop up the Chateau Lafite — before gently squeezing it into an old Cold Duck bottle and selling it by the glass?

SCENARIO THREE

The air is clear as you pilot the Concorde on a routine flight from London to New York. It's just another day on the flight deck.

You've settled back to watch your controls and indulge in idle chit-chat with your flight crew. The hostess enters the cockpit wearing a large olive hand around her mouth. The hand belongs to a corpulent bearded male of swarthy complexion, who wears camouflage overalls and a burnous.

“
One must be
sacrificed for the other
to be granted freedom. You
turn to face a trembling
Sister Mary to decide
who will survive . . .
”

He bites down on a metal object and extracts the pin from a hand grenade, which he holds clenched in one fist.

The intruder impolitely orders you to head for Tripoli.

At that precise moment, the Concorde shudders alarmingly as all engines fail simultaneously and the plane lurches into a downward dive. Do you:

a) Ask the hijacker if he has a set of rosary beads you can borrow, be pleasant, enquire of the hijacker's family, comment on the weekend's football results, tell him about your son's Bar Mitzvah and ask the hijacker if he knows of a good laundry as you need one with some degree of urgency?

b) Break open the champagne and gleefully congratulate the stranger on being the airline's one millionth hijacker; remove his burnous to wipe the bubbles from the control panel, give the stranger a kiss full on the lips, teasingly take the grenade from him, wander into the cabin and see who wants to play catch?

c) Pretend you're Helen Keller: sit there impassively with a silly grin on your face; when you're quite sure the hijacker's at-

tention has been diverted, slowly reach down and pull the lever on your ejector seat?

SCENARIO FOUR

The atmosphere is hot and steamy and the going tough, but, as a famed archaeologist, you are determined to complete your quest: searching the jungles of Central America for long-lost Mayan cities.

With you is Sister Mary Dominique, a devout nun of the Order Of St Claude The Delirious, who has taken a vow to further man's knowledge of his ancient predecessors. During the past four wretched months the rest of your party has been defeated by malaria, dysentery, tragic accidents and rabies due to vampire bat bites.

Valiantly, the two of you battle on, overcoming enormous obstacles. You are both at your lowest ebb when, by chance, you discover an overgrown pyramid.

A great stone blocks your way and it takes a week of constant chiselling before you can prise the stone open, revealing a darkened corridor. With lighted torches you both enter the pitch-black passageway, tripping and stumbling over many skeletons, avoiding booby traps and unholy obstacles, until both of you enter a great chamber.

In a flash the chamber erupts into a brilliant light, and before you stands Choucan — the great bat-headed guardian of Tlonctlan's Tomb, most evil of all Mayan spirits. He glares at you, emerald-green eyes blazing with hatred. Choucan wants flesh and he warns you that one must be sacrificed for the other to be granted freedom.

Slowly, you turn to face a trembling Sister Mary Dominique to decide who will survive. Do you:

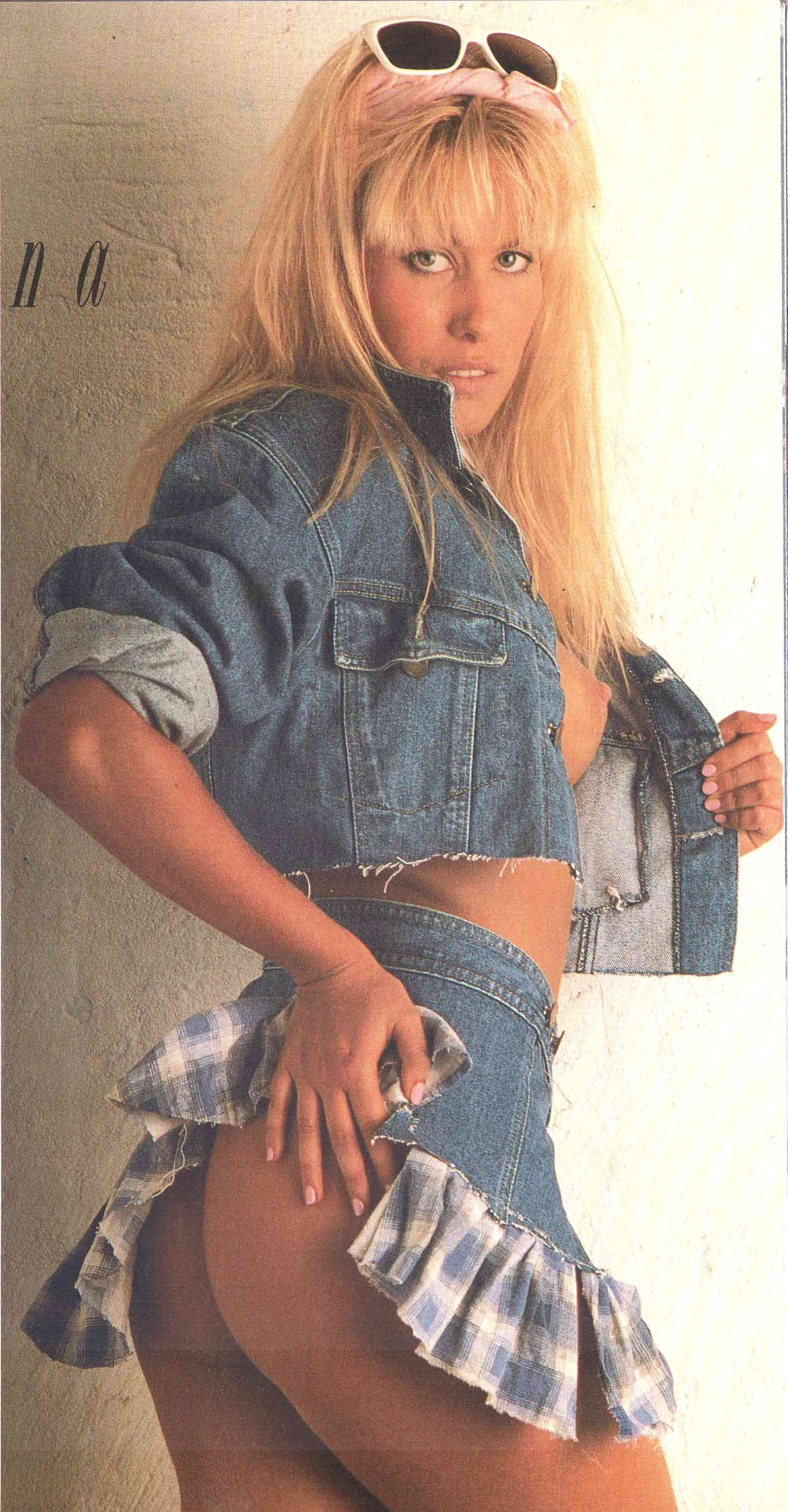
a) Quickly go for your wallet and remove your photos of your family, show the good Sister your four-year-old, blonde-haired, blue-eyed twins plus the photo of the daughter with leukemia; grandly offer yourself to Choucan, but extract a promise from the nun that if she can avoid the slow, painful, gut-wrenchingly horrific death on her journey back through that unrelenting jungle she will personally ensure that your children will get adopted out to good, God-fearing parents; then cross your fingers and hope?

b) Plead with the "great and benevolent" Choucan to take you so that he may ease the anguish caused by those parasites which are slowly eating through you and causing so much pain inside; suggest how it would be far more compassionate to let the fresh-looking, rosy-cheeked good Sister make her escape — and possibly bring back a priest to exorcise Choucan — than poor, old, diseased you?

c) Tell Choucan that you're Steven Spielberg surveying locations for your next adventure epic; inform him that you're

Continued on page 106

S e r e n a

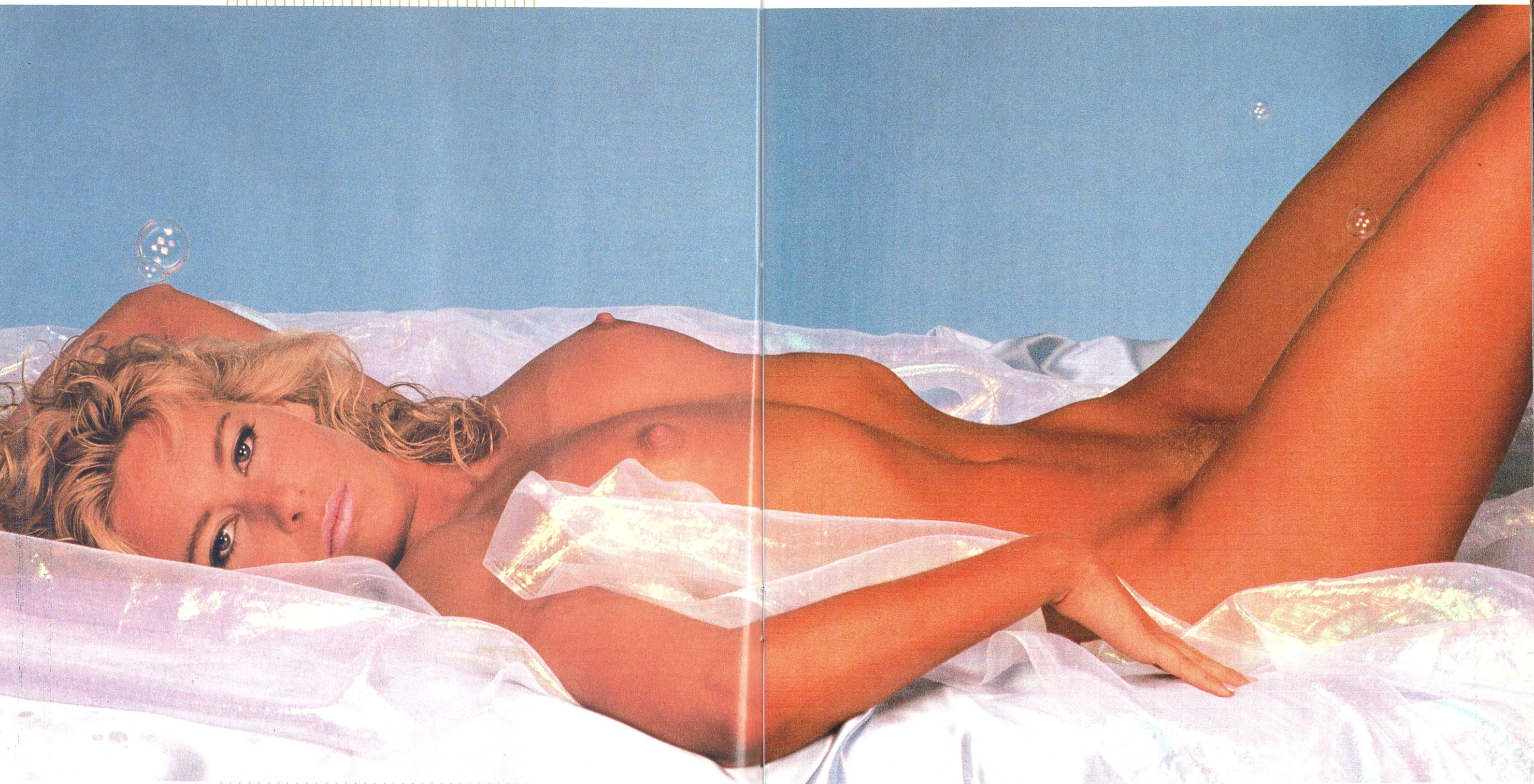


Hair, makeup and styling by Susan Daub; Sunglasses by Bollé; Satin sheets by Satin Affairs.

S u p e r n o v a

Old-fashioned star quality must be redefined when it comes to Serena. Surely she fits the bill: she acts, she sings, she dances, she models. But as the shots on these pages attest, somehow even the notion of star quality falls short of the mark. There is something out of this world about the sensuality Serena Starr exudes — we're talking supernova.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZIE SAUVAGE



Serena, 19, of Sydney, may be on a meteoric rise to fame, such are her talents, but she's a girl who describes herself very much as "down to Earth."



Simple pleasures: a hot bath, lazing on a tropical island, swimming (at Sydney's Lady Jane beach), working out at the gym — these are the pursuits which tone her heavenly body.

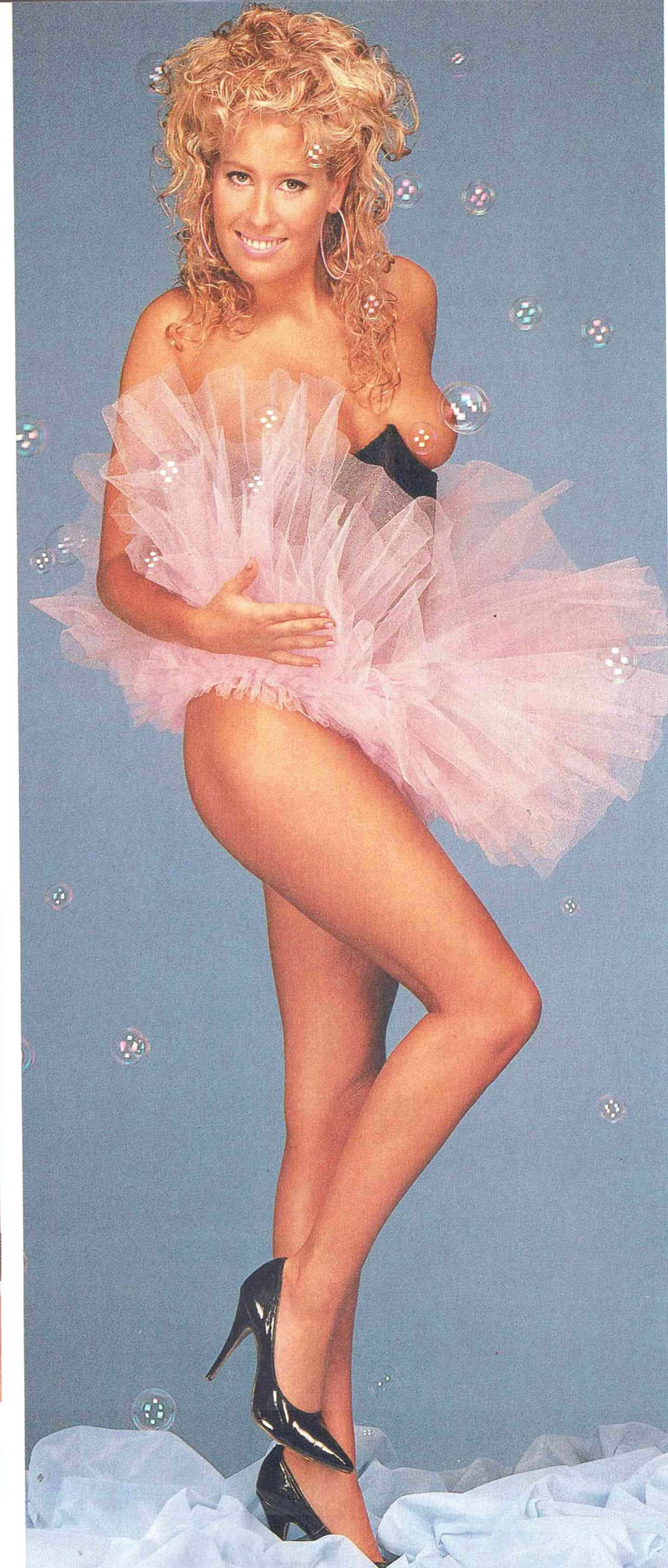




Serena's taste in men definitely puts the value on personality over looks. She's looking for sincerity and intelligence — not to mention a sense of fun.



Serena's star shines brightly, but she's determined that her career doesn't follow the flight path of a shooting star — though men who are lucky enough to see her flash by would be mad if they didn't make a wish . . .





the LOVE bite

BY BRAD ROSS

What penalties will the courts impose on you if your relationship breaks down?

this piece of graffiti scrawled over a concrete freeway support greets Melbourne commuters coming into the city from the bay side suburbs: "MEN BEWARE! FAMILY LAW RIP-OFF."

A bit one-sided, maybe, but those sentiments reflect the fact that recent changes to the law are going to ensure that men will pay dearly for the traumas and tribulations that life is made of. Not just married men, either. Men in *de facto* relationships, and Don Juan types who've happily played the field with near impunity for years, will now find they can no longer kick their goals without running the risk of being heavily penalised for indiscretions along the way. The thrust of the new legislation, if you'll pardon the expression, is to ensure that the public purse won't be automatically opened up to bail men out of the predicaments they and their wives, partners and girlfriends create. These days, you make your own bed and you've got to lie in it. But

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

Brad Ross is a Senior Associate specialising in Family Law with the Melbourne legal firm Clayton Utz



LOVEbite

there are ways and means of making that bed more comfortable, and less dangerous if it happens to collapse. This article will tell you how.

The Federal Government has long been concerned about the increasing drain on public funds due to reliance on pensions paid to single mothers and supporting parents. An increased divorce rate and greater avoidance by men of maintenance payments have, so we're told, made the burden intolerable. Now the government has made extensive amendments to the Family Law Act which will generally increase the amount of maintenance paid by husbands to estranged wives and kids, and ensure that all children, whatever their origin, will receive a decent level of maintenance from their fathers.

Most couples don't give much thought to the exhausting financial haggling that can result from their partnership going down the gurgler. But the fact is that the Family Court has been the venue for some of the most bitter and hateful litigation ever conducted in our legal system.

The Family Law Act came into operation 13 years ago. Back then it was considered revolutionary and far-reaching, since it abolished the protracted and sordid round of accusations of cruelty and desertion

and the juicy photos of adulterous spouses caught in the act. It replaced all that muck with a simple requirement: regardless of fault, regardless of who walked out on whom, a married couple only had to establish they'd been separated for 12 months and the divorce application would be granted. No mess, no fuss — in theory. In reality, aggrieved spouses who claimed innocence of any fault would always cry injustice. In any case, the Family Court had the power to make orders regarding distribution of property, maintenance of spouse and maintenance and custody of children of a marriage. It had nothing whatsoever to do with *de facto* couples, who made their own arrangements relating to property and child maintenance through the various state courts according to the principles of common law.

Now, with the amendments introduced this year, the Family Court has jurisdiction over all children in all states except Queensland and Western Australia, where it's only concerned with children of a marriage. In NSW, Victoria, South Australia, Tasmania and the ACT and NT, children who are the progeny of a one-night stand or casual fling, children born to *de facto* couples, children of *in vitro* fertilisation, adopted children and children of a marriage are now all equal before the Family Law, and all equally entitled to a hefty slice of Dad's income should the relationship

come unstuck.

It's going to be a heftier slice than it used to be. The days of the "standard" \$25 or \$30 per week maintenance order are over. And it's going to be a damn sight more difficult for reluctant benefactors to avoid handing over the hard-earned. The machinery that's currently being constructed for maintenance collection will stomp all over most of those delinquent Dads who refused to meet their obligations in the past.

On June 1, 1988 a Child Support Agency was established within the Australian Taxation Office. Its responsibility is to collect maintenance payments from non-custodial spouses. Initially the agency will do its job on behalf of parents who are reliant on pensions and those who separate or have children after June 1, 1988. But eventually the scheme will cover *everyone* who pays maintenance — except for those who can reach an independent agreement with their spouse or who are entitled to opt out of the whole business.

Stage One of the Child Support Scheme works like this: once a court makes an order for maintenance, the Child Support Agency will have to be notified. The agency has the power to make employers deduct maintenance payments directly from an employee's salary — just like pay-as-you-earn taxation — and the agency then hands the money on to the custodial parent.

No doubt a lot of employers have already received notices from the agency and they're obliged to comply or pay heavy penalties, regardless of whether the employee consents to or is even aware of the deductions from his salary. It's not hard to imagine situations where the relationship between boss and underling will become very strained to say the least.

Some employer groups have already registered their concerns. Earlier this year the Federal President of the Australian Small Business Association, Peter Boyle, made this statement: "While we support the Federal Government's moves to enforce maintenance payments by the non-custodial parent, we have extreme reservations about the decision to require employers to collect this money through a garnishee type of arrangement... If governments wish to collect this money they should do so directly rather than using employers to do the work for them. Maintenance is a very emotional topic for many divorced parents and the employer will have to bear the odium of collecting this money from often reluctant employees. It is likely that many employees will object quite vigorously to this practice and this could well rupture relations between employers and employees."

So much for Stage One. Stage Two of the Child Support Scheme, which will be rolling at some stage in 1989, will determine the amount of maintenance payable on the basis of a formula which has yet to

be finalised, but which will certainly mean most non-custodial parents will carry a heavier financial load in the future. In order to arrive at the right formula the bureaucrats have taken into account a great many factors, but the basic ones are the custodial spouse's income, the non-custodial spouse's income, and whether or not the non-custodial spouse has other mouths to feed in a new family.

The table below shows the proposed formula for weekly maintenance in the case where the father has no responsibility to support a new family, and the mother of the children is earning \$8000 per year or \$154 per week.

Father's Income	No. of Children of Family	1	2	3	4
\$15,000	31	47	55	59	
\$20,000	48	72	86	91	
\$25,000	55	98	117	124	
\$30,000	83	124	147	157	
\$35,000	100	150	178	189	
\$40,000	118	176	209	222	
\$45,000	135	202	240	255	
\$50,000+	152	228	270	287	

Two years ago, a parent on a salary of \$25,000 may have paid between \$25 and \$30 per week maintenance for each child of the family. Obviously that figure will increase substantially, at least in the case of smaller families, if the formula as it presently stands is approved by the government.

In Queensland and Western Australia — states which haven't entirely referred their powers over children to the Federal Government — the above changes don't apply to children of *de facto* couples and the innocent offspring of casual liaisons. In these cases the supporting parent would have to resort to the common law in the various state courts. All other children, though, are covered.

The recent amendments have also taken care of some previously dicey areas like the father's liability toward maintenance and expenses of an expectant mother; liability of a step-parent to help in the maintenance of step-children; and the whole question of determining parentage. Not only that, they've removed an old established practice where, if the custodial spouse was entitled to a pension or government benefit, her (or possibly his) lawyer would negotiate a maintenance settlement that was nicely slotted so that the full pension would still be forthcoming. No more. The court now has to disregard any such entitlement, so the maintenance level is decided and then the pension, benefit or allowance is means tested accordingly. What's going to happen is that custodial spouses on a pension will have to show the Social Security boys that they've made some sort of effort to extract some maintenance dollars from the father of the child. The bottom line, in other words, is that the man in the hot seat pays

more, the government less.

If you're already paying maintenance to an estranged spouse, you needn't worry that the amount will be immediately adjusted upwards according to the new formula. That isn't on the cards at the moment — unless the lady in question is receiving a pension as well. In that case, get ready for a slug. It's all in the interests of balancing the budget, you know.

Of course, the Family Court also has the power to make property settlement orders, and many are the tales of woe from men who believe they've been savaged by a gold-digging spouse. That's always been the case. Before the "no fault" provisions of the Family Law Act came into play, it wasn't uncommon for an adulterous husband to lose everything — especially if the innocent ex-wife had custody of children. Even under the more civilised jurisdiction of the Family Court, men routinely claim that judgements are

So when
your lady friend
decides to call it a
day, you could be
in for a rude
shock

biased in favor of women.

If you're living in a *de facto* relationship with no offspring to complicate the issue, you might think yourself pretty well safe from the spreading tentacles of Family Law. Not so. The "Dinks" of Australia (double income no kids) have already been catered for by legislation in NSW and more recently Victoria, and it's likely the remaining states will follow suit eventually. So when your lady friend decides to call it a day, you could be in for a rude shock when it comes down to the familiar "Who owns what in this place?" routine.

NSW was the forerunner with the De Facto Relationships Act of 1984. It governs the distribution of property including real estate and personal items, and in some cases it enables an estranged *de facto* partner to claim personal maintenance from the other party. A lady making such a claim would have to show either that she'd suffered a loss of earning capacity, or that she had to support a child under 12. Say, for instance, she was halfway through a medical degree when you came along, swept her off her feet, and promised you'd support her for the rest of her life. She's

long since forgotten whatever she knew about medicine and can't get a job as a check-out chick. You're going to have cough up. (This isn't possible in any other state except Tasmania. Everywhere else, the unfortunate girl would have to find a job or go on the dole.)

The Victorian legislation, which came into effect on June 1, 1988, isn't quite so all-encompassing. It only covers disputes over real property — the house, in other words — and not personal property, and it can't make orders to pay personal maintenance.

In both the trend-setting southern states, if the defunct *de factos* can't agree on a settlement they can go to the Supreme Court to sort out the financial mess. Two conditions will generally have to be met first: they must have been in a *bona fide de facto* relationship for at least two years, and the partnership must have ended after the new law came into force.

The significance of this new legislation is that people in the same situation in all other states have to stake their claims in the state courts according to common law, and in that case it's often very difficult for a jilted party to get their hands on any assets owned by the other partner or acquired by them during the relationship. Say, for instance, you lived with a lady for five years and she slavishly devoted herself to your comfort and well-being. She went shopping while you watched the footy; she cooked dinner while you had the odd beer with the boys, she ironed your shirt while you lay in bed. She may not have made any direct financial contribution, but she put a lot of elbow grease into the relationship. Under the common law she'd have Buckley's chance of any sort of financial compensation after the break-up. Even if she spent weeks renovating and decorating your house and always paid the gas and electricity bills, she'd be hard-pressed to make a successful claim. But in NSW and Victoria, as long as the two conditions are fulfilled, the court is obliged to take into account direct and indirect financial and non-financial contributions — in other words, all the circumstances of the relationship — before arriving at a financial settlement.

In all the other states, before an aggrieved *de facto* partner can get a slice of the cake, they usually need to show that there was always a "common intention" that the partners had an equal interest in a property. They virtually need to establish that there was an agreement along the lines of: "This is going to be our house forever — what's mine is yours and vice versa." Anything short of that and all bets are off — apart from direct financial contributions the disadvantaged partner has made.

Prior to the new legislation the same situation applied in NSW and Victoria. A

Continued on page 122





PHOTOGRAPHY BY THIERRY DE HERY

PERSONAL

It seems a little hard to believe but just about a year ago Kathleen Summers was advertising her frustrating predicament in personal columns — the problem being the lack of her kind of man in her life. First impressions suggest men of all types would be falling over themselves to get to know her. "But the kind of men who front me with their standard lines aren't the men I can get interested in," she says.



Kathleen, by the way, is still looking.
 "But I'd prefer not to give the
 impression that posing nude is
 another way of advertising myself
 after the failure of the classifieds,"
 she says. "I'd actually prefer it if I
 could meet a guy without him ever
 knowing I'd been a *Penthouse* girl —
 so I could shock him later."







"I don't mind
being admired
if I happen to
be pleasing on
the eye — but
for me the
buck stops
there. I need to
be wooed and
entranced to
respond well to
a man."



bondi BLUES

FICTION BY JOHN BAXTER

On Bondi Beach it can be hard to tell
the early birds from the worms

I caught that morning morning's minion — a Mercedes 220SL. Sapphire-blue, bright as a humming-bird, it buzzed down the hill into Bondi, did an illegal U-turn across the Esplanade, and parked almost opposite the Sorrento. The yellow light of the sun rising over the beach made the number plate all but invisible. I squinted. It said SEXY.

"Move your feet, Bill."

I lifted them on to the other chair and let Anna-Maria mop the terrazzo.

Centred in "O" of Sorrento, I saw two people, a man and a woman, sitting in the front seat. They might have been talking, but the stiffness of their shoulders and her unyielding stare through the windscreen made it more likely they were arguing.

Anna-Maria squeezed the mop into the bucket, dumped the grey water into the gutter and came back into the cafe. Only 7am, and already she wore the look of someone who'd spent a long day on her feet.

"Another one?"

"Make it a flat white." Two of Anna-Maria's *machiatos* on an empty stomach will send any heart into overdrive.

They still hadn't got out of the Mercedes, though now the driver's side door was open and one of her feet was halfway to the pavement, a white Reebok almost toeing the black asphalt.

I looked down. My side-split canvas Slazengers dated back to the days when sneakers were still called "sandshoes."

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTINE HABERSTOCK



A garbage truck ground down the street, trailing a stink of rotted prawn shells. Bondi was stirring. Some suburbs come awake like a virgin in a satin-sheeted bed, tickled by rosy-fingered dawn. Bondi wakes up like a bum in a doorway, with the toe of a policeman's black number 9 in its ribs.

"I come here when I am six. I am home." She plunked down the cup.

I looked out through salt-rimmed glass at the water. The sun, a little over the horizon now, turned the amethyst water aquamarine. Or was that yellow tinge a sign that the first rich flow of effluent was pumping up half a kilometre off shore, where a line of nozzles on the sea bottom emptied Sydney's kidneys into the incoming tide? I'd rather not know.

Both doors of the Mercedes opened at once. The driver and her friend walked slowly across the street and came into the cafe.

She said, "Do you sell cigarettes?"

Anna-Maria silently indicated the machine at the back. The girl went by, rubber soles squeaking on the wet floor. Her legs below the hem of her white shorts were brown and perfect, her small, hard breasts untrembling under the plain knit shirt.

He stood next to me, but looking away, out through the window towards the beach.

At the northern end, the tractor made its last wide turn of the morning's raking and pulled up. Young Shane would be getting down to check if the hopper behind the wide tines of his scarifier contained anything but syringes and second-hand Durex.

The sand looked like honey-colored corduroy, the surf foam like lace. There wasn't any word for the color of the water.

"G'day," I said.

"Morning." He would have used the same tone to a cash dispensing machine.

"Been a long time."

He turned and gave me the wary, searching, faintly puzzled what's-in-it-for-me look of the public man.

"1968. The 100 yards. You set a state record. Old Brother Mazzorini practically had a coronary." I held out my hand. "Bill Noakes."

He smiled, shook. A nice firm grip. Not old pals, but getting there.

"Did you run?"

"Four by 100 junior relay."

"How did you go?"

"Last."

He smiled. The successful enjoy hearing about failure. It's not enough to succeed — your best friend must fail. The grin told you why they'd made Kevin Kelso Minister for Sport and Tourism. He could probably press 50 kilos with his smile. Even his teeth looked athletic.

The girl came back and stood looking at

us both. Her head barely came to my ear. Or his shoulder.

"Bill Noakes. Emily van Ackeren. Bill and I were at school together."

Her hair, ink-black, coiled on the back of her head. Her skin was the color of corroded silver. Black flecks like coffee grains lay in the depths of her almond eyes.

"Hello." She looked from me to him. "We're running?"

"*Subito*." He smiled and lent me his hand again. "Bill. A pleasure."

"Yeah."

Something peeped urgently. He fished into his back pocket, took out a pager and thumbed the button.

"Is there a phone I can use?"

Anna-Maria looked sour. "The post office. Round the corner. Two blocks."

"Give the man a break, love," I said. She scowled and lifted her phone out from behind the counter.

He dialled. "Kelso." Listened, nodding a little, saying nothing. State secrets.

His smile to the girl when he hung up was more self-satisfied than apologetic — like a man listening to a woman complain that his love-making had made her sore.

"Sorry. It's Alex. Breakfast meeting."

"So we don't run."

"Honey, he is the bloody Premier." He glanced at me. "Bill's a runner. Mind keeping Emily company?"

"I'm not in your class, mate."

He grinned. "Neither is Emily." He pecked her on the cheek, slapped me on the arm. "I'll get a cab."

He turned out the door, jogging.

We walked to the door together and looked out. He was doubling up the hill, glancing over his shoulder every few seconds.

"Wouldn't surprise me if he ran the whole way to Macquarie Street," I said.

"He's keen enough," she said. There was a bit of accent, but not much. She'd trained herself out of it. "But he hasn't got the stamina. Too much smoked salmon and chardonnay." She looked me over with those caramel eyes. "So . . . you're up to it?"

"Ask me after the first length."

She ran doggedly in the dry stuff that buried her to the ankles. I cheated and hugged the firm sand on the edge of the tide line. Even so, after two lengths of the beach I was only a metre ahead.

At the end, panting, she collapsed, squatting on her heels against a rock, wrists on knees, hands dangling. You see village girls all over Asia sitting just like that, at the well. I noticed her hands. Short nails. No polish. No rings.

"You're the same as him," she said. "You have to win."

"Don't have to. Like to." I could barely find the breath for that much. Gambling, I said: "Want to go again?"

She grinned, teeth engagingly uneven. "It would serve you right if I said yes."

"All right. Truce. Want a coffee?"

She buried her face in her sweat-soaked shirt and breathed her smell deeply. "Not before I have a shower."

"My place isn't much. But it does have a shower."

Her look was a sign in a foreign language. It carried no messages at all.

Then she held out her hand to be helped up, and everything was settled.

Two hours later, business was good in the Sorrento. A pair of 12-year-olds in bikinis, sand-footed, smelling of salt and Ambre Solaire, watched Anna-Maria smear together their pastel bouquets of *gelati*. A pouchy lecher loitered over a flat cappuccino at the table I'd used that morning and stared at their thin thighs.

I said, "Know them again, would you? If you saw them?"

He dumped down his coffee without looking at me, and left. I leaned on the counter to steady a left knee that had begun incomprehensibly to tremble, and took out the phone.

The number rang only once before it was answered. "Mr Kelso's office."

"Is he there? It's Bill Noakes."

It took him a few moments to come on. I could just see him dismissing the secretary, and swivelling the chair to give himself a good look at *his* view of the Harbor Bridge and the Opera House.

"Any problems?"

"No."

"Got the car?"

I squeezed my hand around the tiny leather wallet in my pocket. "I've got her keys. Same thing."

"Okay. Just drive it to the address I gave you and leave it there. The garage people know what to do."

"If it's a formal repossession, I should ring the cops and tell them. In case she reports it stolen."

"She won't report it. She's a big girl. She can take a hint."

"What about the rest of the keys? Do I give them back to her?"

"Do what you like with them. They're changing the locks on the flat right now. Her stuff will be in storage, you can tell her. The doorman knows where."

"You only paid me to repossess her car, not . . ." I wasn't sure of the word for the rest of it.

"It's not her car. It belongs to a company I have an interest in. Like the flat. She just had the use of them. She doesn't any more. Where is she now, anyway?"

I thought of her metallic skin against the white sheet, the easy way she straddled me, the long dark hair uncoiled as I pulled out the pins. The way she opened the wardrobe door so that the mirror reflected ourselves back to us. The smell I'd left in the room, of cinnamon and salt.

"My place."

His laugh was explosive — half-scornful, half-angry. "You bloody ram! You

should be paying *me*. You know what she was costing me every month?"

"No more than she was worth, I imagine."

"Don't acquire tastes your income can't satisfy, Noakes. Look, suit yourself whether you give her back the keys or not. Emily's been around. She'll know the odds when she finds the car gone and the flat closed up. Your cheque's in the mail."

Then I was listening to a dial tone.

I took a last cruise through Bondi, just to give the boys a good look.

The crowd hanging around outside the Bondi Hotel, drinking schooners of Toohey's New and waiting for the radio race broadcast to begin, were properly impressed — at the car and my companion.

Old Sweeney even glanced up from his early edition of the *Mirror*, ritually folded at the racing form. I hadn't seen him do that

She
opened the
wardrobe door so that
the mirror reflected
ourselves back
at us

since the girls at the south end first went topless in '78.

"Is it not passing brave to be a King," I said, "and ride in triumph through Persepolis?"

She swivelled around on the brown leather and looked at me over her Ray-Bans. "What?"

"Marlowe," I said. "And I don't mean the Chandler one." I pulled her to me. "Got that, ye pampered Jade of Asia?"

She rubbed her nose on my shoulder like a cat. "What have I got myself into?"

"Nothing you weren't expecting."

"It was a business arrangement. Originally. Remember?"

"Vaguely."

She looked closely at me. "I always wondered. Why did you ring me that day? After Kevin hired you."

"He didn't hire me. He made me an offer."

"Sorry." I liked it that she understood the distinction. But don't all women? Instinctively? "But you tracked me down and . . . made me an offer instead. Why?"

I thought about 1968. The school sports day. Standing on the mark, head swivelled

to look over my shoulder at Fatty Flynn pounding down the white-lined lane towards me, baton in hand. My hands in the thumb-locked butterfly grip old Ericson had taught us; the best, the only safe way to snatch the stick.

Then he was on me, baton aimed at the notch of those two hands. But I, in my eagerness, unjoined them and snatched. The greasy painted wood danced, rebounded, went flying as the other three runners pounded up.

And as it spun in the air high above me and I danced under it like some capering majorette, desperate fingers flicking it back into the air at each snatch, I saw Kevin Kelso, the school star, the idol, hands on hips, still humid with the sweat of his triumph, watching. And laughing . . .

"You wouldn't understand." I slid sweaty palms on the leather glove laced around the wheel. "He said your stuff was stored. The doorman knows where."

"Let him keep it."

She fished a bag from the back seat and pulled it open. Her nails rattled on the plastic boxes inside. Half a dozen C120 BASF cassettes. Always go for German if you want the best.

"With this lot, I can buy the building. Kevin can pay the deposit, but those grafting friends of his — Alex Blacklock and the others — will pick up the bill for the rest."

At the top of the hill, I pulled in and looked back one last time. It was making high tide. Sunbathers littered sand too bright to look at directly. There were board-riders at the south end, picking up the swell off the point. Spray steamed like smoke off the black rocks.

"O, Soul, be changed into little water drops/And fall into the ocean, ne'er to be found."

I hadn't realised I was saying it out loud. She stared at me with those unreadable Asian eyes. "Marlowe again?"

"Yeah. Old Kit."

"You're an interesting man, Noakes."

She smiled and closed her eyes and locked her hands behind the back of her small head, arching her breasts against the tight cotton.

And at that moment I saw in her what I'd seen only once before. Once, years ago, in a field up past Rockhampton where I was cutting cane to earn my fare back to Sydney, a tight-lipped brown snake had reared up at me from the stubble and opened its mouth. Its head yawned in half; moist pink velvet, curved fangs white as bone, a bead of poison colorless at the end of each.

"We should celebrate," she said. "Let's check into the Regent. I feel like a champagne breakfast."

"You're the boss."

I pulled out and drove away from the emerald water, towards the smudged yellow towers of the city.

My God, my god, look not so fierce on me! 



"Any particular reason why you want to be a gynecologist?"

SURF TREK

Australian surfers are boldly going where few have gone before

BY COLIN HINTON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER CRAWFORD

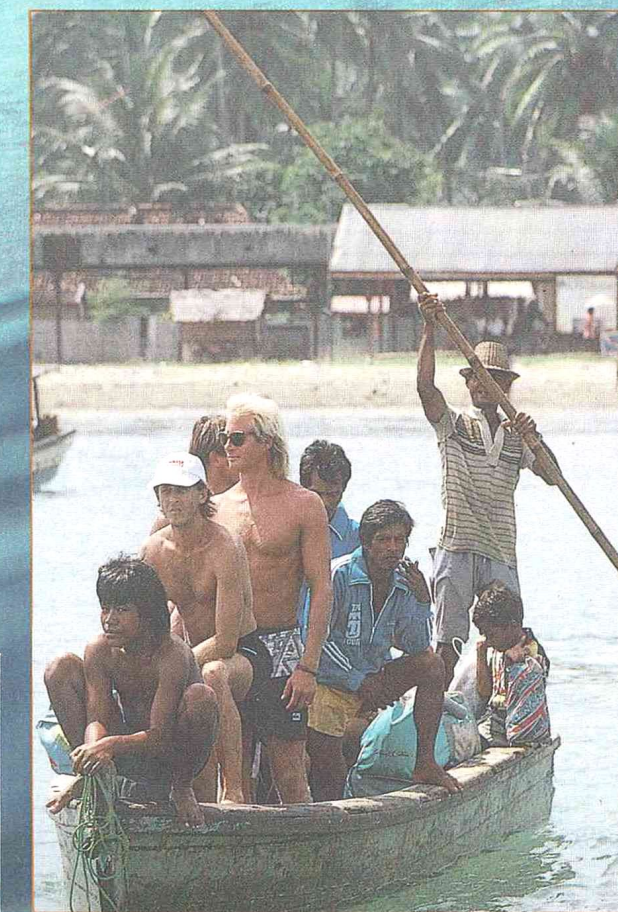
You may have seen the news bulletins quoting concerned authorities on the threat to Australia from our militant northern neighbors. But there have been no dispatches on the quiet Australian invasion of Indonesia's shores.

Every winter, thousands of intrepid Aussie surfers raid this tropical archipelago to do battle in its islands' dangerous littoral zones.

Bali was the first beachhead.

In the late Sixties surf cinematographers Bob Evans and Albie Falzon flew into Denpasar Airport and the film these forward scouts shot of this island paradise's perfect waves woke a generation of Australians to Indonesia's surf potential.

Falzon was one of the first to discover the mystical Uluwatu,



Spread: Seek and ye shall find. Brett Beezley enjoys solitary perfection at a secret spot off West Java. Inset: Embarking on exotic adventures.

SURF TREK



Top: Paul Green in Sumbawa; perfect positioning, perfect wave. Centre: John Shortis and his Indonesian fan club. Bottom: The Sumbawa experience means wild country and wild waves.



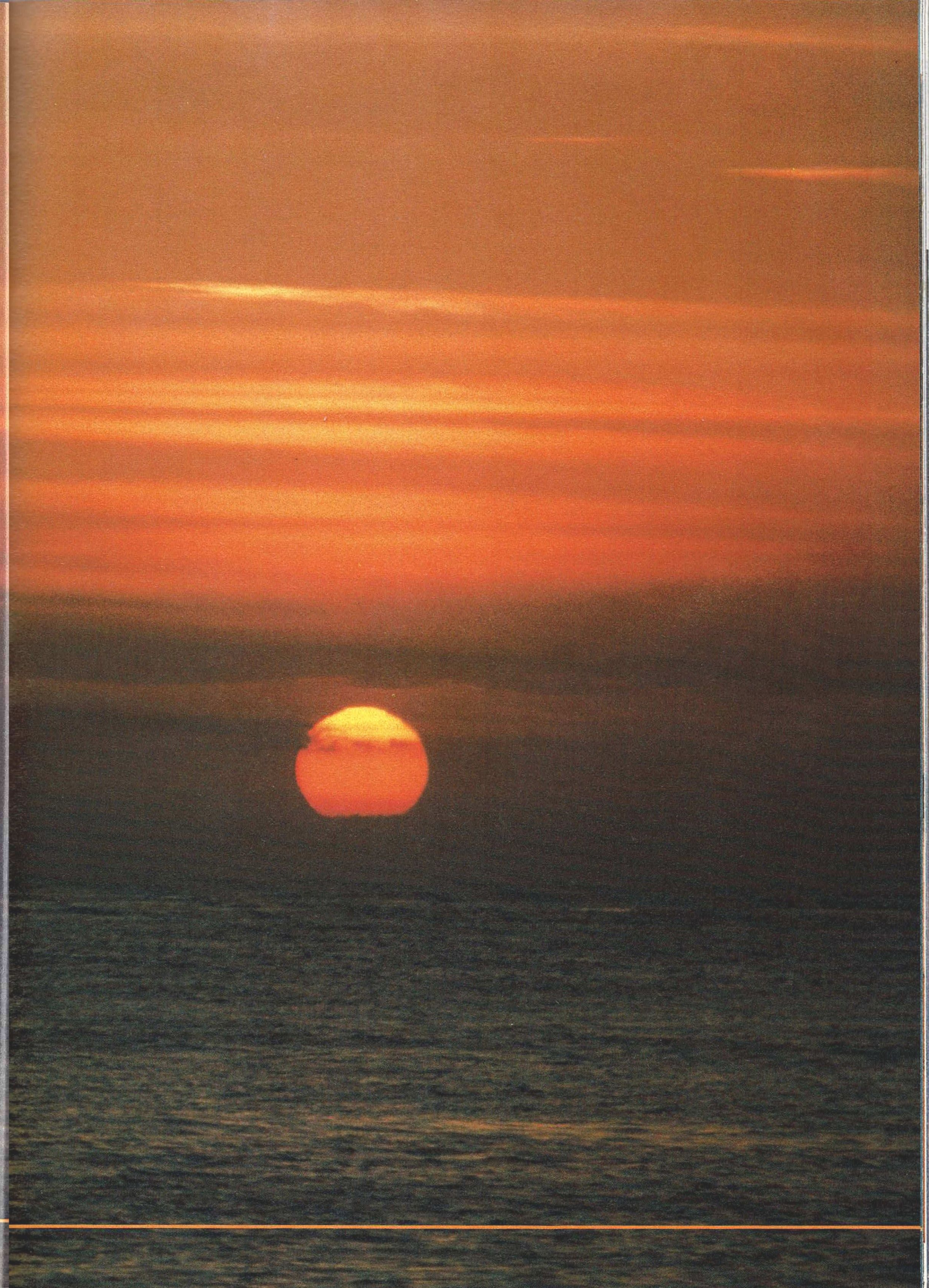
an eerie lefthand barrel which wound down a coral reef at the base of massive cliffs upon which perched one of this island's many Hindu temples.

His soft, sunset-tinged footage of Rusty Miller and young Sydney "grommet" Stephen Cooney blasting down the line at ten-foot Ulu captured the mystique of surfing in Indonesia.

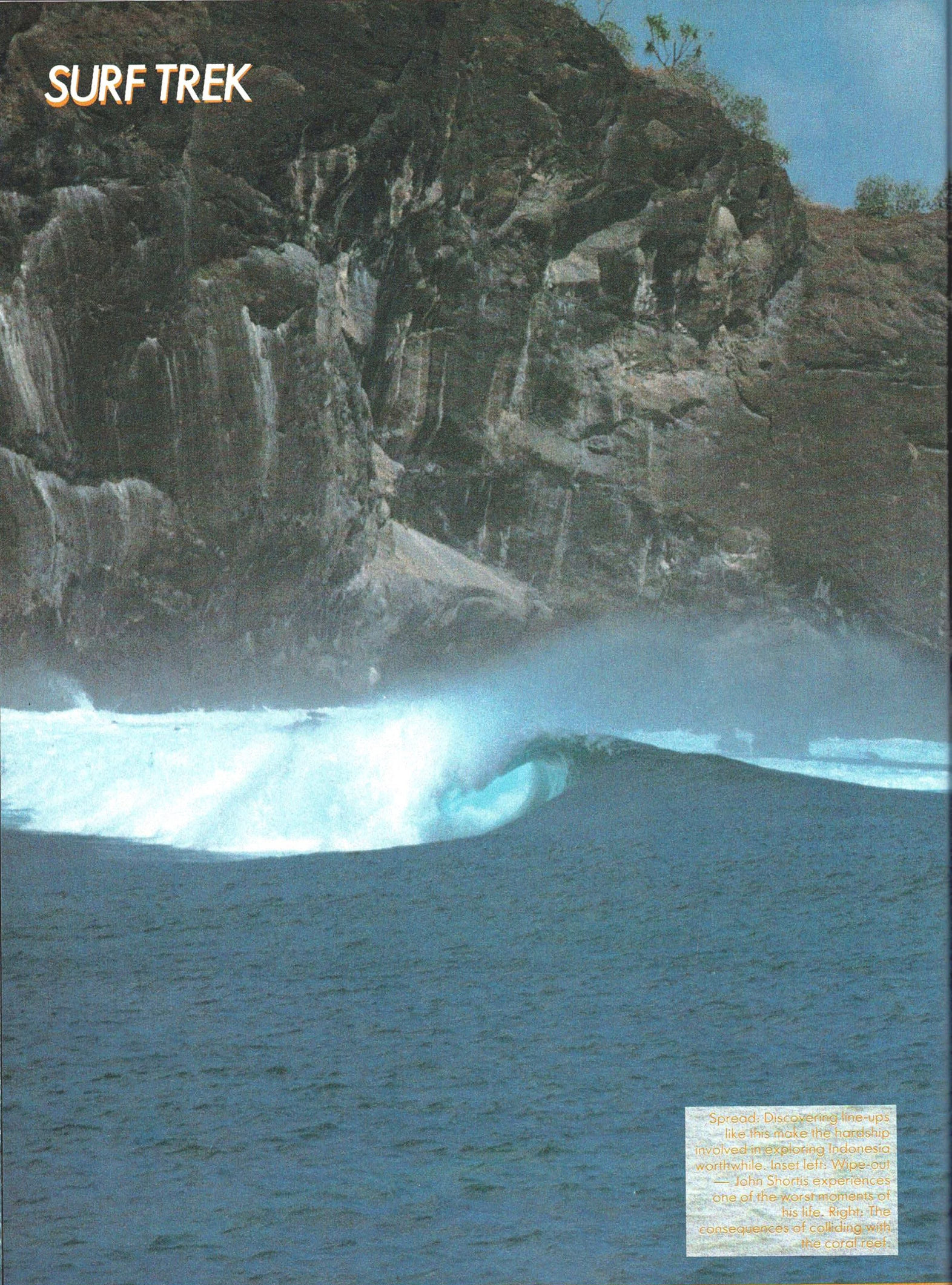
Magazine articles and then the masses followed. Within a decade the primitively beautiful fishing village at Kuta Beach had been transformed into a tourist ghetto. Bali is a cheap, five-hour flight from Australia's major capital cities. The surfing season coincides with our winter and the costs of food, transport and accommodation are minimal. No wonder it has become Australian surfers' favorite destination.

In the early Seventies, the trip to Bali was a genuine adventure, fraught with thrills. The threat of death through disease or through an encounter with the island's razor-sharp coral reefs was real. Now it's easy street, as the Indonesians, awake to tourism's profit potential, are allowing the provision of increasingly upmarket facilities. Today, motorcycle accidents are the major cause of casualties.

And the surf breaks have become jam-packed. On top



SURF TREK



of the hordes of wave-hungry Aussies come platoons of Japanese, Brazilians and Americans, resulting in intolerable crowds and ugly racist scenes at Bali's more popular reef breaks.

Exploration is the answer to the problem of crowds. Bali is one of more than 13,000 Indonesian islands. Many of them have surf. Australians soon discovered and named breaks like Shipwrecks and Lacerations on one of Bali's satellites, Nusa Lembongan, a former leper colony. Grajagan, located in a national park on the eastern tip of Java and touted by some as the ultimate wave, soon became overrun with surfers and they continued to search further afield, making the long trip by plane and ferry to the legendary island of Nias off the coast of Sumatra, home to one of Indonesia's rare righthanders. Others travelled east to Lombok, Sumba and Sumbawa, returning to Australia in the dead of winter sunburnt, wild-eyed and carrying blurred snapshots to back up their tales of amazing waves, stormy seas, confrontations with man-eating cats and all the unpredictable elements which confront the

white man in Asia.

No-one is immune to this hostile environment. Disease is rampant and a number of Australian surfers have died from malaria and other more mysterious ailments contracted at surfing outposts in recent years.

And the ocean can turn nasty on the most experienced seaman. New South Wales central coast surfer Brett Beezley was one of a group of Australian and American surfers who were lucky to be found alive after their flimsy craft was lost at sea after engine failure left them adrift in the ocean off West Java for 13 days last August.

Beezley is a typical surf adventurer. He spends the winter months exploring new surf locations around the Java coast, sometimes flitting from bay to bay in a tiny rubber dinghy. His local knowledge and fluency in Indonesian give him access to some of the finest waves in the world. But he pays his dues, as his lost-at-sea experience attests.

For those who want it a little easier, surf entrepreneurs are paving the way for the average Australian suburban surfer to

buy a passport to perfection without risking life and limb.

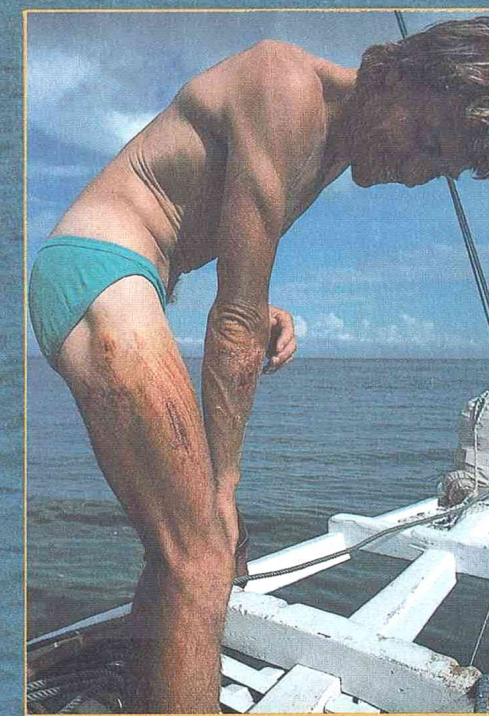
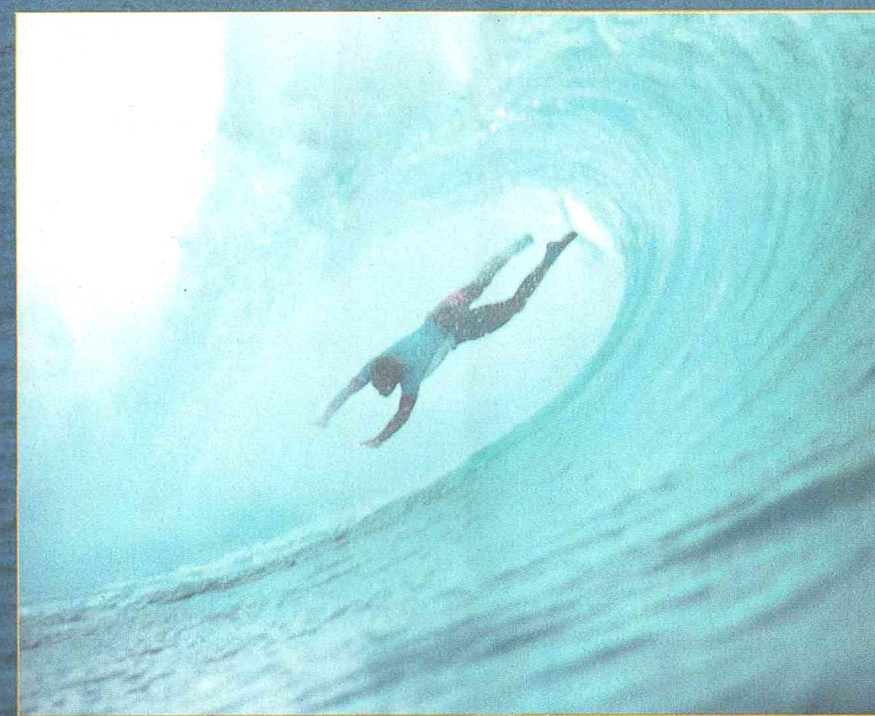
Paul King, proprietor of the Sydney-based Surf Travel Company, is one of the most prominent tour organisers. Most of his clients head straight for the surf camp at Grajagan, although sailing tours on a 53' motor cruiser to Lombok and Sumbawa are also popular. King recently opened a surf camp on Sumbawa and is planning to expand his operations to West Java and other locations.

Surf photographer Peter Crawford's dramatic shots on these pages were taken during a recent series of Indonesian excursions. Crawford put together a hot crew of Australian surfers, including Queenslander John "Shorty" Shortis and NSW Central Coaster Paul "Slime" Green.

For these guys, Indonesia's biggest attraction is its consistency. Hit it for a couple of weeks any time between April and October and you're just about guaranteed to get a glut of waves.

The remarkable mix of consistent swell patterns pumped out of low pressure systems down in the Roaring

Spread: Discovering line-ups like this make the hardship involved in exploring Indonesia worthwhile. Inset left: Wipe-out — John Shortis experiences one of the worst moments of his life. Right: The consequences of colliding with the coral reef.



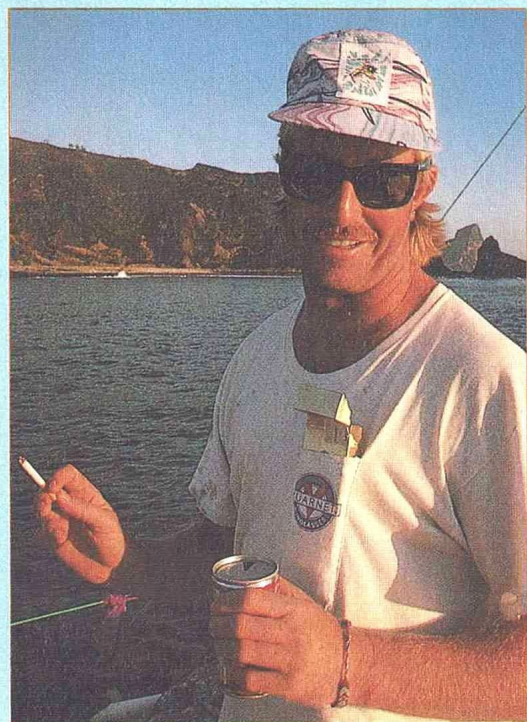
SURF TREK



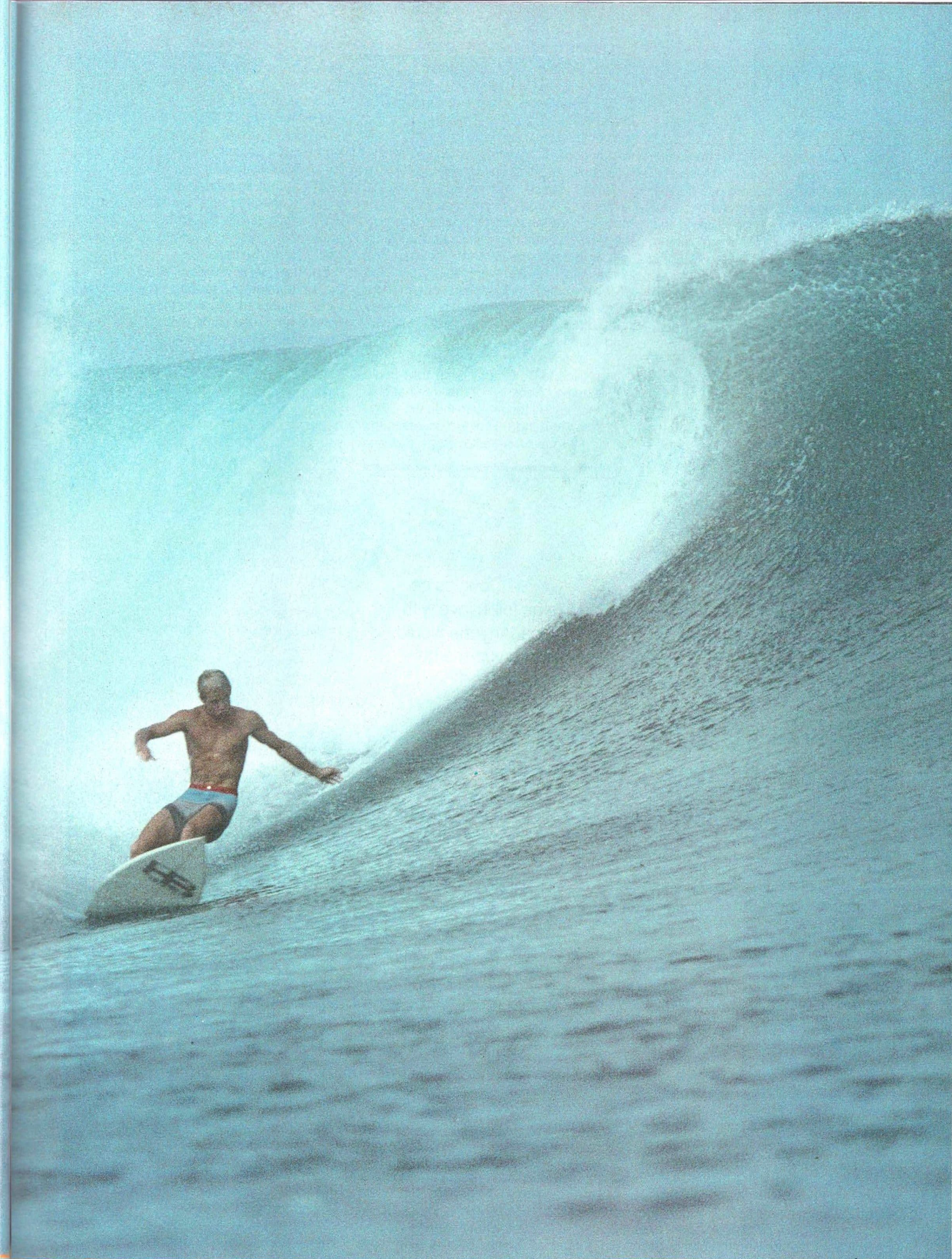
Forties, coral reefs which have been created by some cosmic engineer as part of his wave machine package, prevailing offshore winds and a surplus of sunshine and you've got a formula for perfection. When all these factors come together at their optimum, you get those rare sessions which are seared into the memory banks as examples of the ultimate surfing experience.

Evening is the time to surf in Indonesia, when the heat and glare have gone from the sun. The wind will switch to straight offshore, transforming the line-up into liquid glass. The swell rises and the sets are ruler straight, backlit by the haze of a soft orange sunset, highlighted by far-away volcanic peaks poking out of the horizon.

The scene is silent but for the quiet roar of immaculate tubes spinning down the edge of the reef. Take off late and drop into the pit, your rail slicing like a knife. Carve off the bottom, snap off the lip and set a high line, driving through the backdoor. There is no chop, no chatter; just a golden curtain cascading endlessly overhead until you exit cleanly over the back. This is one of the few experiences in a lifetime that can truly be described as ecstatic, the surfer's holy grail — the reason why Australians in Indonesia will continue to boldly go where few have gone before.



Spread: John Shortis at play in an aquatic wonderland. Insets, top: Island hopping on a hunt for waves. Middle: Beware the bloke; Surf travel entrepreneur Paul King has all the basics in hand. Bottom: Greg Hunter, hard off the bottom.



the last RESORT

Continued from page 39

was not synonymous with the interests of businessmen. He especially mentioned how little the elected councils had done to foster tourism and said that the best way to nurture this "greatest new strand that has entered into city life" was government by professionals, not by an elected council.

Is there no end to the juggernaut? I suppose one day they'll pass a law making it compulsory for every Australian to wear a smile and be polite.

It's not the Japanese we need worry about, it's ourselves; and by that I mean Mankind, whether we're Japs, Huns, Yanks or Skippies. We all need protection from those who would take away our rights so that international hoteliers can employ us as underpaid grovellers and tea-towel sellers can ply their wares unimpeded by the merest hint of reality.

North Queensland's Port Douglas stands as a good example of what to expect. The ex-journalist turned media and resort magnate Christopher Skase did a pretty good job with this sleepy old village. "Very swish" is the usual assessment from returning visitors. But so is Hayman Island very swish; and Pelican Bay; and Palm Meadows; and Sanctuary Cove and a million other places. And now Port Douglas, once an absolute pearl in an already beautiful part of Australia, is just like those other places.

Just like those other places.

When Skase first saw Port Douglas he says he fell in love with the place. Exactly. Anyone would. But why would they then set about to radically alter it? Triple it in size? Destroy the peaceful beauty of the place by bringing in hundreds and hundreds of people, including the big-spending loudmouths in white shoes and gold chains? Up-market ockerise it? (And by "ockerise" I mean the false ocker, the adman ocker, the thought-you'd-never-make-it mediocre talent getting away with it ocker, the Crocodile Dundee in pancake makeup with a nine-inch Bowie knife on his belt ocker.

That's the model; that's the future. Think of a few beautiful places — really, breathtakingly beautiful places — in Australia. Think of how few of them could stand a major alteration or influx of people.

Ah, here's a beautiful spot. Listen to the birds. Look at the sunlight on those strangely magical trees. Okay. Build a road. Some walking tracks. A campsite, a couple of caravans, a hostel, a lodge, a motel, a pub, a snack bar, a high-class restaurant for our rich overseas guests, a helipad, a bus-turning space; widen the tracks so the old pensioners can see everything without leaving the bus or getting burrs in their socks; tear the whole

bloody place down and change it.

The trouble is, tourism is an industry but it's not about travelling. Travelling is going somewhere to do something special. Tourism is going somewhere to do something you could be doing anywhere.

Before Skase, you could do virtually everything in Port Douglas that you can do now, except the accommodation was perhaps not so superficially luxurious and the prices were certainly a lot cheaper. The thing was that you were doing it in Port Douglas, which had a special charm. Now the charm has gone but the mattresses are softer. As soft as they are in Majorca and Miami.

So why would anyone travel ten thousand miles to do exactly what they could do at home? Because of this international con trick called the tourism industry.

There are hundreds of jumbo jets in the air at any one time destroying the ozone

“
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”

layer with roughly a third of the passengers pursuing the old fallacy that the grass is greener on the other side. "Come to Keppel Island, drink piss, meet girls and snorkel." You can do that in Port Phillip Bay. You can do it anywhere.

Years ago there was a letter in the paper from some clowns who had just returned from their *Women's Weekly* trip around the world and were, they believed, ashamed at the "rundown tin shed" that was then Kingsford Smith Airport's international terminal, and "embarrassed" by the Health Department blokes in shorts and long white socks with the can of Mortein.

Have you ever been to Singapore? They used to have one of those old aerodromes where you went down the steps out of the plane and on to the tarmac. By the time you hit the ground you were wet with perspiration. The heat was solid. You knew where you were. You were one and a half degrees off the bloody Equator, for God's sake. You were in Singapore. You were somewhere! And boy, did you know it.

Now, at Mascot (what happened to poor old Kingsford Smith, by the way?) you could be any-bloody-where. Straight from

the plane and into some air-conditioned corridor fresh out of the mould from International Uniformity Inc.

What's wrong with the tin shed? Australia was built from tin shed — at least, the Australia of those days had been. And the quaint ritual with the Mortein? You don't get that anywhere else in the world. A poor dumb clod from Osaka or Idaho or Mannheim has just forked out a grand to come all the way to Australia to see precisely that: Australia.

But the con is on. You "Australianise" the air terminal by putting up Aboriginal motif murals. In Munich they put up a lederhosen in the same place; kimonos in Narita; ten-gallon hats (never worn) and steer horns in Dallas.

And people — the vast toiling roiling masses — are conned into believing that if you pay \$200 a night for a room you get a better standard than if you pay \$40. And all you get is chandeliers and obsequious room service, for which you pay extra again anyway.

My father had lived nearly all his allotted span before he saw the Louvre or the British Museum. He had raised a family and fought a war; seen his favorite football team win the premiership and his children beget children of their own. Not the fullest of lives, but a good and happy one. He had no great ambition to see the Louvre or the British Museum but, as soon as he retired, see them he did. At great expense. And is he a different man? Imbued with culture? Redolent with the knowledge of the ancients? Well yes, he is a bit different — he barracks for a different football team.

Travel broadens our horizons but tourism, it seems, fattens the pockets of those who earn their living by it.

That could be us, growing rich collecting tickets outside our beauty spots.

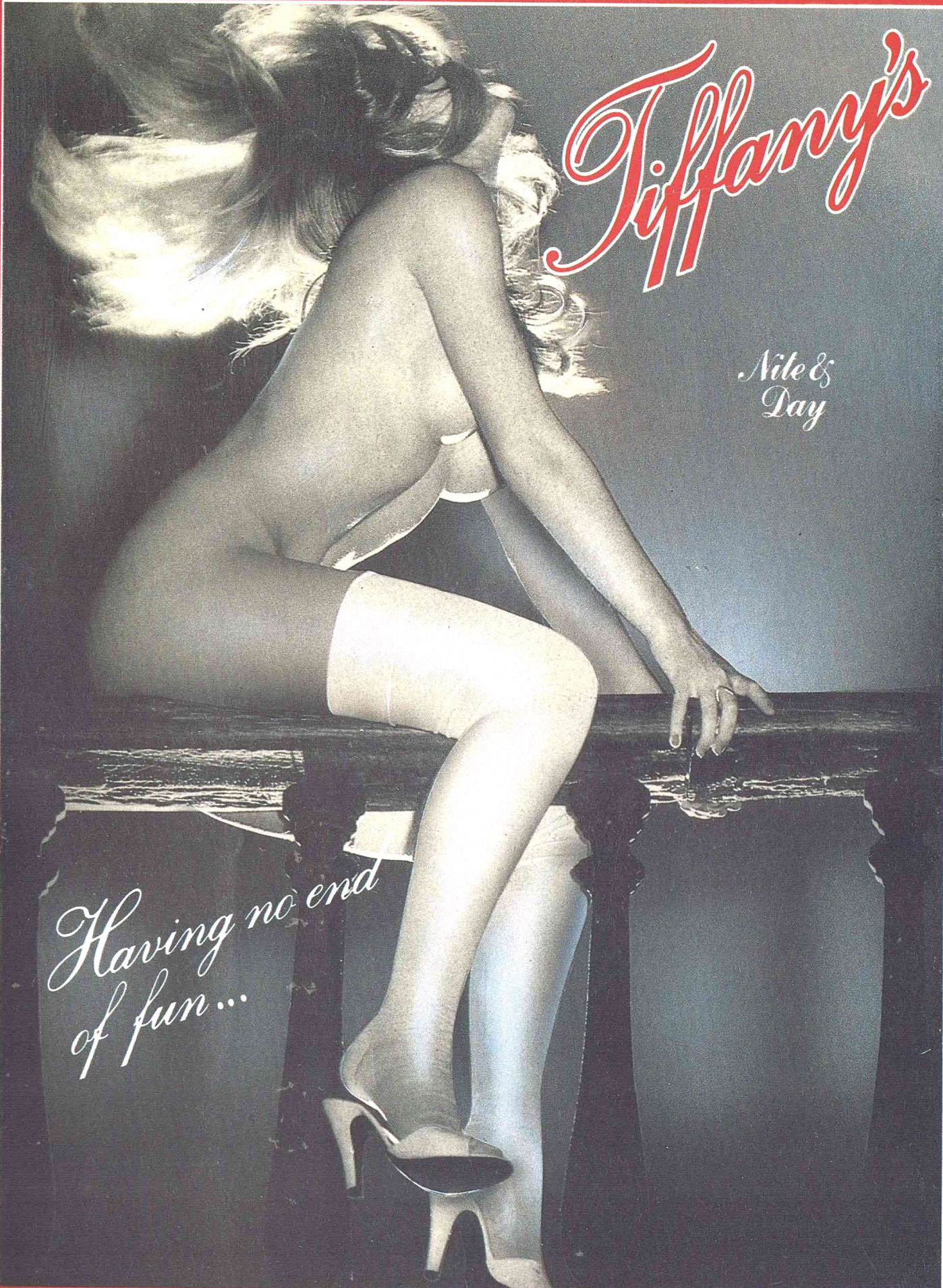
It will need a lot more investment: many more hotel rooms, bigger airports, more dickie ties and lessons in how to say "Have a nice day" with apparent sincerity.

We will probably have to watch that we do retain some of the profits and not just get wages from overseas owners.

We will probably have to, *de facto* and maybe even *de jure*, declare certain areas off-limits to locals, as has occurred at Port Douglas, where Skase has given Japan's biggest company, Mitsui, the exclusive selling rights to a third of the 535 luxury units to be built there on the grounds that, at \$540,000 to \$1.2 million each, Australians won't be able to afford them.

Do we want to take a thing of beauty — our country, our nation, ourselves — and flog it and flog it and flog it again until all life is gone and we are but prostitutes leaning on the lamp-post waiting for some Juan or Jann or Jimi to fuck us and pay us money to support our raging Balance of Payments habit?

At some stage — I hope it will not be too late — we will have to decide if it's worth it. ☐



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OVERNIGHT SENSATION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID SCHOEN

When she was performing in high school theatre, true fame seemed an eternity away to dreamy-eyed Tami Hogen. Now 19, Tami marvels at her unexpected ascent to stardom in the pages of *Penthouse*. "It's a good thing I've always had a flair for the dramatic," she says.





Tami bristles at the suggestion that she falls into any beach girl stereotype — but while she's on the subject: "Smouldering brunettes are just as sexy as blue-eyed blondes."



Although she's "settled down" somewhat, Tami confesses that she's still quite capable of being impulsive when the spirit strikes her. "I love fast cars. Speed and risk really turn me on."



DISASTER

Continued from page 60

impressed with his performance, but that you were really looking for someone with more malice; watch as he tries to impress you by snapping the nun in two; promise him a contract and ask him if he can direct you to a phone so you can talk with his agent?

SCENARIO FIVE

You are a world renowned neurosurgeon, a superstar with the scalpel, the first person ever to perform a brain transplant. Your fame has spread far and wide yet dark secrecy surrounds your newest patient.

A stretched limo with darkened windows collects you from your surgery, in the dead of night, and whisks you away to a desert airfield, where a private jet awaits you. Soon, you land on a small island where you are met by trench-coated guards and ushered through a vault-like door that's been hewn into the side of a mountain. Deep inside you enter an underground operating theatre that is surrounded by shadowy figures carrying Uzis.

Your patient has already been prepared for surgery. After many long hours of skilful work beneath the hot lights the surgery is

completed. Preliminary observations assure you that the operation has been a complete success, and, upon inquiry, it is revealed that your patient was the President of the United States of America.

Your natural humility is cast aside and you are thrilled to be chosen to perform such an important task. You're hoping that the donor was a great philosopher, an artist, perhaps a poet, or a distinguished scientist like yourself. You wish that the President will use his new brain to bring peace to the world and govern wisely. It is revealed to you that the brain came from an aged chimpanzee.

You are stunned by the revelation but the President begins to awaken and you know that your immediate reaction to him will be vital if he's to cope with his new brain.

Slowly, the grogginess deserts him and he begins to rouse, his eyes open and he looks to you for inspiration. Do you:

- Order a nice, big banana cake to celebrate the operation's success?
- Chat to him amicably, to show you are friendly, then sit on his bed and let him snack on your head lice?
- Put him in a funny little clown suit and show him how to ride a unicycle?
- Inform his minders that he's ready to attend another summit?

SCENARIO SIX

For the past five years you have lived in

France, studying cooking under the world's greatest chefs. Homesickness takes its toll on you, however, and you decide to return to Australia, where you are assured of fame.

You are offered the position of Master Chef at Le Chateau du Merde, Australia's most prestigious restaurant. A great banquet is planned to herald your debut — which coincides with the first official visit to Australia by the President of France. He is a great fan of yours; the Department of Foreign Affairs knows of the President's predilection for your fare and arranges for your debut to be a state occasion.

Despite your nerves you prepare an exciting, memorable feast. Your creations are hailed by one and all. The President rises and thanks you personally and the Prime Minister raises his glass of mineral water to propose a toast in your honor.

Suddenly, the guests succumb to illness. The Prime Minister spews forth across the table and the President reacts with typical Gallic aloofness to let go all over the Prime Minister. Others are far more surreptitious with their illness, and the ladies try to hoick demurely into their kerchiefs.

With great haste you rush to your kitchen to discover the cause of the sickness. Beside your stock pot you discover a phial full of radioactive isotopes that was dropped by a member of the French Secret Service, who'd only recently returned from duty at Mururoa. Aghast, you realise that you've mistaken the isotopes for cinnamon sticks. Back in the dining room your patrons are sliding quickly into oblivion. Do you:

- Move all the bodies to the centre of the room, string them up to your giant chandelier in such a way that they're just touching, tie empty Moet et Chandon bottles to their limbs, move the portable air-conditioner so that it's facing them, switch it on to full and enjoy your new wind-chime?
- Be patient and wait for them to glow a bit more, then stack them against the wall in artistic poses to form a lighted mural?
- Quickly tidy the restaurant and hold a special Rev Jim Jones Guyana Tragedy Theme night?

HOW DID YOU SCORE?

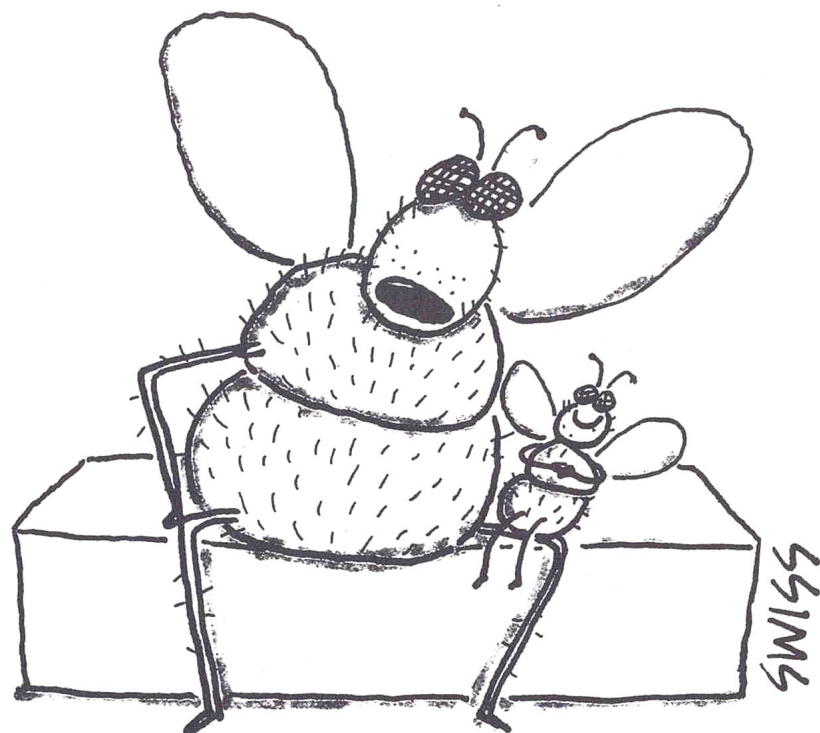
For every A answer award yourself 1 point.
For every B answer award yourself 2 points.
For every C answer award yourself 3 points.

RATING

Score 6 to 9: Wimp! Knit yourself a cocoon and go into permanent hibernation.

Score 10 to 15: Courageous, but still a softie. Superglue your fly shut before you go outside, as you won't cope if you're caught unprepared.

Score 16 to 18: Bravo! You are truly in command of any situation. Compared to you, Rambo is Bambii! O—



"Okay, okay—I'll tell you one more crock of shit and then you'll have to go to sleep."



BLACK CLOUD

Continued from page 53

serious even then." What is serious is the prospect's attitude: "Does he do tasks? Does he fuck with a bro's missus? Does he fall all over the place when he's pissed? If you were in jail would he look after your family? Would you trust your life with him if some bad buzz goes down?"

Both the Mongrel Mob and Black Power have their share of female groupies. According to a recent report in *Metro* magazine, "The women who hang around the Mongrel Mob are objects to be used, often in disgusting ways. For instance, there was once a young woman who was hanging around a gang campsite and who was blocked by members for hours, then tossed in a river, semi-conscious. She didn't drown. The cold water brought her to and she swam away, only to return next morning for more of the same treatment."

The Blacks don't go in for this sort of thing too much. "You get women who want to cruise the scene," says O'Reilly, "but the guys are pretty cautious these days. There's a lot of old heads in there now who've seen that sort of good buzz turn into a pretty sad, sour thing. People do four or five years in jail for it. Is it worth doing five years without a fuck for one fuck? That would be the current attitude."

Unlike Black Power, the Mobsters have traditionally had no national president or national structure and no organised financial network. Most have been content with the dole and a lifestyle centred on drinking, smoking, thieving, fighting and fucking. They never hankered after stretch limos and big bikes; they revelled in their outcast role and resisted any attempts to get their act together. They were never into identifying with Maoridom, but used their membership in the Mob to intimidate witnesses and so increase their chances of getting away, literally or figuratively, with murder.

Addressing an audience at the Upper Hutt Art Museum back in May '86, a spokesman who called himself "Blue" summed up the Mob's philosophy like this: "Some of us live pretty wicked. If you see 12 or 15 of us standing around looking pretty wicked, you will be scared. I have no fear of anybody. We will stick together forever, because we have something we believe in: the bulldog on our back — our patch. The bulldog is a gentle beast, but he can rock if he likes to. We have our own little buzz. You can't describe it. It's living life to the hilt."

In spite of their differences, though, the Mob and the Blacks have plenty in common. According to Det-Sgt Ian Colville, who heads the Criminal Intelligence section at Police National Headquarters, "We put together a profile on all gang members. There was no necessity to say: 'As-

saults police; carries a weapon; smokes cannabis; attempts to escape.' All you have to say is he's a gang member; they all do those things and they always have." And like the Mobsters, the Blacks don't muck around when it comes to defending the honor of their patch. In August 1983 the leader of a South Island Mongrel Mob chapter was gunned down in broad daylight by a Black Power member. The dead man had insulted the Blacks by sewing one of their patches upside down on the backside of his jeans.

In the past year, along with the confident assertion of Maori rights, the Mongrel Mob has started to get serious. According to Dennis O'Reilly, who runs a network of field workers helping both the Mongrel Mob and Black Power, "I wouldn't draw that big a distinction between the two gangs now. In every town you'll find a Mongrel Mob trust as well as a Black Power trust these days. We're seeing the

“
By the
year 2040,
the Maori will once
again be the dominant
race in their
own land
”

Mob's thinkers coming through. I reckon the Mongrels, the Headhunters, the Stormtroopers will inevitably all come around to the Maori push. They'll stop being whatever this thing has been, and they'll start being more and more Maori."

Latest developments confirm that view. Maori leaders, once vocal in their condemnation of the gangs, are now embracing the bros like long lost sons. In Auckland there are large turnouts of elders at gang occasions. Last August, after the Mongrel Mob had staged a two-month protest outside Paremoro prison, South Auckland Black Power pres Abe Wharewaka rubbed noses with the Mob's leader at a formal *hui* and promised the two gangs would agitate side by side for prison reform, including 24-hour access to Maori elders for the bros inside.

It's happening. The disparate strands of the Maori resurgence are slowly but surely coming together, and that's precisely what the *Pakehas* have always feared most. Probably the most extraordinary aspect of the gang phenomenon is that the youth of an exploited and underprivileged population have spent the past two dec-

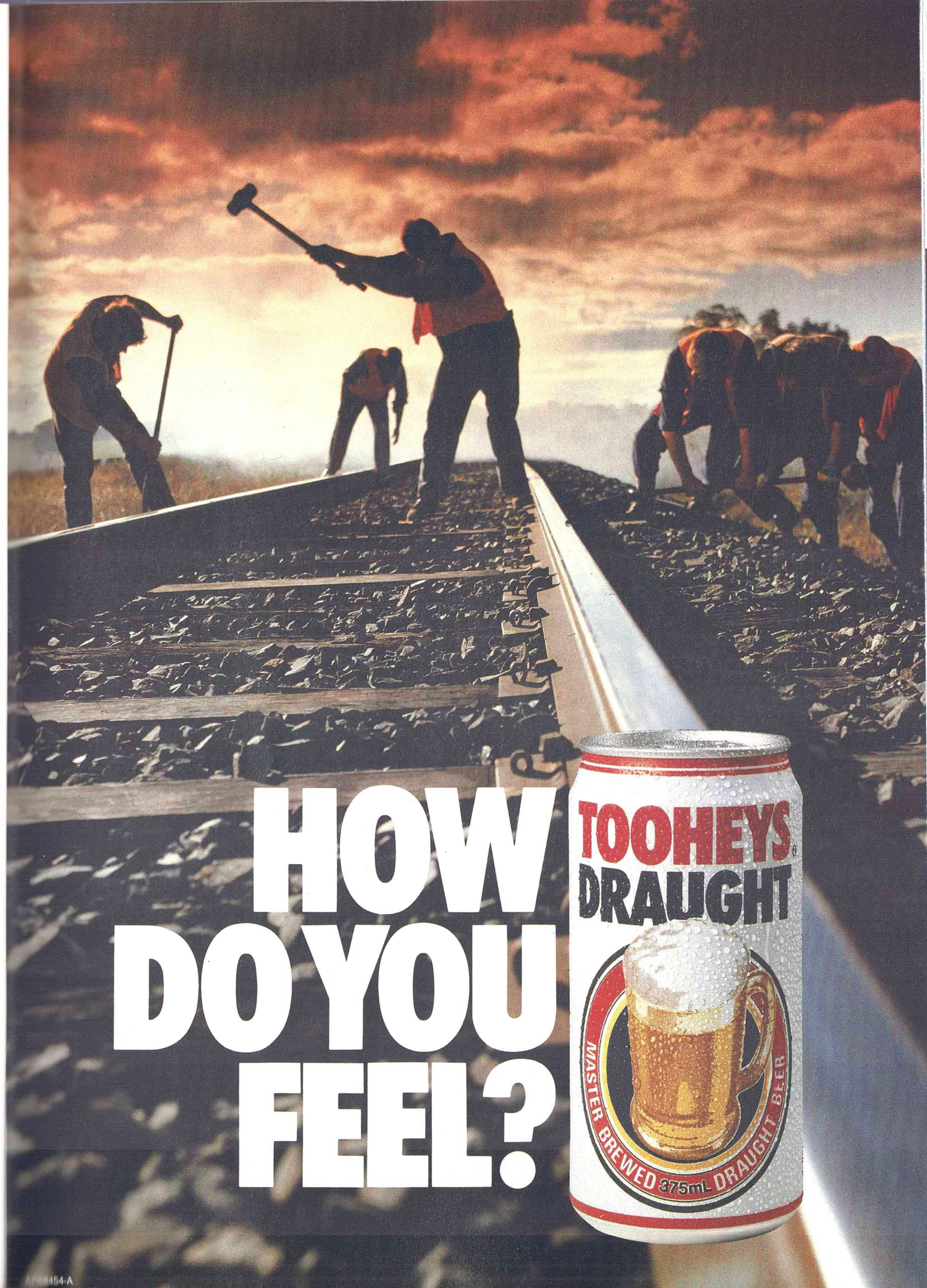
ades beating the shit out of each other, very seldom focussing their frustration and anger on the *Pakehas* who robbed them of their heritage. As long as the gang situation remained business as usual, it was a painful but mostly manageable thorn in the side of the whites. That's not to say the Maori gangs will necessarily unite and turn on white New Zealand. Massive racial violence is not inevitable. But the talk in the *maraes* is all of one voice: "What we want to happen is going to happen. The only question is whether it happens peacefully or violently."

Already tales of both Maori-bashing and white-bashing are widespread in the ethnic enclaves of South Auckland. *Pakehas* walking through suburbs like Otara are putting their lives on the line. Shopkeepers there have been forced to batten down their shopfronts at night to avoid looting, just as the Indians did in Fiji prior to the coup. None will speak out publicly against the Maori for fear of retribution.

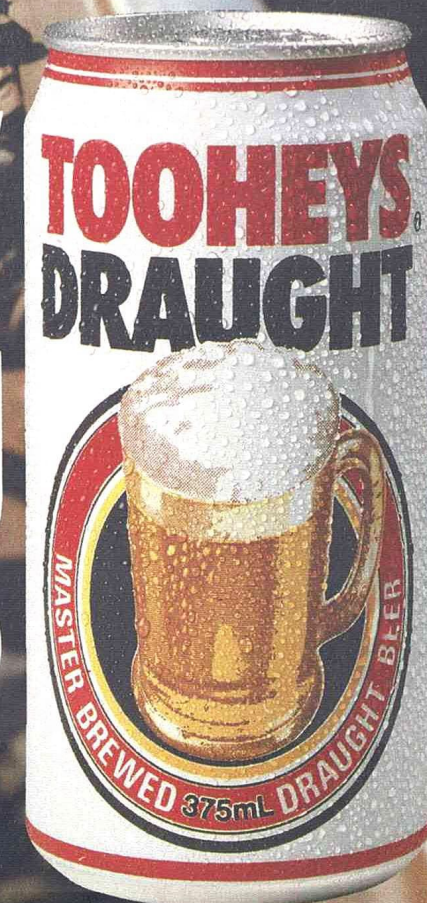
Meanwhile the white backlash has begun in earnest. Politically, it's manifested by National Party spokesmen (several of whom have received death threats) accusing the government of pandering to Maori radicals and the land rights push and going soft on law and order, and by government spokesmen delivering speeches that are clearly designed to prepare the ground for a tougher line. When the Minister for Overseas Trade Mike Moore broke the ice back in July by announcing that race problems had the potential to make New Zealand ungovernable, he added: "Racism is not just what white people do to brown. There is inverted racism which is just as bad and dangerous. It's arrogant and racist to say that because someone's forebears came to New Zealand only 100 years ago, not 1000 years ago, they're less of a citizen, or have fewer rights, or have less love for their country." Maori leaders interpreted Moore's statement as a precursor to a possible government move to torpedo the Waitangi Tribunal and send the entire log of land claims down the gurgler. If the Nationals come to power in 1990 there is every likelihood that's exactly what will happen.

In his 1987 ministerial committee of inquiry into violence, Supreme Court judge Clinton Roper accused police of "ethnic insensitivity" and heavy-handedness in their dealings with gangs, and recommended "that the police review their whole attitude to the question of gangs." (This was despite the fact that Roper's own house was firebombed a week before he took on the inquiry.) But the government only acted on his recommendations to apply electronic surveillance to "organised crime" and enact legislation that would make it easier for police to defortify

Continued on page 144



HOW
DO YOU
FEEL?



WIN A FUNSHIP

CRUISE FOR TWO



They call *Fairstar* the FUNSHIP. From the moment you step aboard you will see why. And you could be stepping aboard, as *Penthouse* announces the most exciting competition prize for moons. Fancy a passage for two cruising the exotic islands of the South Pacific aboard this mind-boggling FUNSHIP? Does this sound like your speed? Imagine two weeks spent a world away from all pressures and worries. You can choose to turn those two weeks on their head and party the way Sitmar cruises are renowned, or you can choose laid-back indulgence — perhaps the quiet romance of a shipboard fling with the partner of your choice. Why not all of the above? All you must do is turn the page and fill out the coupon — then send it to *Penthouse* to be in the running for the ultimate holiday from Sitmar.

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Once in the ports, you're free to fill your time as you choose. That might be sight-seeing, shopping, wining and dining (just for a change), sports, or any of a hundred other suggestions. It's up to you. Then, when *Fairstar* pulls up alongside secluded tropical paradises and transports you ashore, you may as well be a million miles away from the rest of the world.

Entry to this competition is easy and simple. All you must do is fill out the coupon below and send it to *Penthouse*. There are a few questions to answer so that you can prove you know exactly what kind of

treats await you, but you'll find you can cruise through them — and maybe just find yourself cruising to the South Pacific, courtesy of Sitmar and *Australian Penthouse*. Entries close with the last mail on Friday, February 10.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be on the official entry form or a facsimile thereof. The cruise is not transferable or redeemable for cash. Entry and participation in this competition is completely free and open to all residents of Australia other than employees of PH Editorial Services and Sitmar Cruises and their families or their suppliers. All participants must be 18 years old or over. SA residents may enter by sending an envelope with their name and address together with the answers to the three questions.

The winning entry will be the first correct entry drawn from the barrel by the editor of *Australian Penthouse*. Closing date for competition entries will be last mail on Friday, February 10, 1989. The winner will be contacted directly and announced in an upcoming edition of *Penthouse* in the Loose Ends section and in the Public Notices section of *The Australian* on February 18, 1989. All entries become the property of *Australian Penthouse*.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person, and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters may reasonably require.

The total prize value is \$5000 and includes accommodation and all meals aboard the ship. The prize excludes transfers to and from Sydney, any nominated taxes and any alcoholic beverages, activities not nominated as being in the Sitmar package and any costs incurred whilst in port.

The promoters, Sitmar Cruises and PH Editorial Services, shall be under no liability to the winning contestant and partner for any loss (including but not limited to consequential loss) or damage to persons or property or death or injury caused or in any way contributed to by any act or omission by the promoters, their servants or agents or any other persons in any way related to or arising out of the supply or non-supply or performance or non-performance of anything or any service provided or contemplated by or in pursuance of the Win a FUNSHIP Cruise For Two Competition (including negligent acts or omissions). On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the editor's decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.



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Send the completed coupon to the *Penthouse*/Sitmar Win A Cruise For Two Competition, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. The answers to the questions can be found in the above copy.

1. Name two of the secluded tropical paradises exclusive to Sitmar:

2. What's the name of the shipboard daily paper?

3. What happens on *Fairstar* when the sun goes down?

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In competing for the advertising dollar few magazines have the staying power to deliver the really glittering prizes.

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And constantly ahead of the rest.

In fact, it seems the thought of our 120,344* circulation exhausts them.

What an even further increase in circulation, which seems highly likely, will do is anyone's guess.

However, one thing is for certain, all Australian Penthouse figures stand up to close scrutiny.

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Jacka 1659 A



PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

FULL TILT

While amber is traditionally associated with the idea of getting ready to stop, this dynamo is the exception to the rule. When it comes to Amber Lynn, it's more a case of hold on to your hats and get ready for the ride of your life. Stunning Amber has a habit of making men see red.





"Yes, there have been fights over me. I think that part of men's behavior is crazy. If these guys think that sort of thing actually impresses a girl then they've got a few lessons to learn — though I'm always keen to see who comes out on top."



At 20 years of age, Amber feels she's got a lot of living to do before ever settling into a commitment. "I'll be playing the field for a few years yet."



LOVE b i t e

Continued from page 77

case decided in the NSW Supreme Court before the De Facto Relationships Act came into force shows how tough the common law can be. It concerned a woman who'd lived with a man in his home for a period of 20 years. They hadn't bothered to marry, but for all intents and purposes they lived as husband and wife. The lady cared for her man during his illnesses and performed all the normal household duties. The couple came to a parting of the ways. Asked to determine the woman's entitlement to a share in the man's home, the court found there was no evidence that the man intended she should get any benefit in return for her services, and indeed she got nothing. If the couple had been married, or if they came within the provisions of the new legislation, it would have been a totally different ball game.

The NSW and Victorian *de facto* laws have certain exceptions. You don't necessarily have to prove that you lived together under the one roof for the requisite two-year period. For example, Bruce, a sales executive, and Dorothy, a computer programmer, started their relationship in 1983. They often stayed overnight at each other's homes, but didn't start living together until a year had passed. Dorothy moved into Bruce's home, later sold her property, and used the money to

pay for improvements and renovations to Bruce's place. She outlaid more dollars on holidays and in paying off Bruce's debts.

Six months after she'd moved in, Bruce asked Dorothy to leave. She didn't actually go until almost another year had passed. That was in October 1985. In March '86 the jilted woman asked the NSW Supreme Court to award her a cash sum or a share of the proceeds on the sale of Bruce's home. Even though the two-year cohabitation rule was not fulfilled in this case, the court found in favor of Dorothy because she'd made contributions that far outweighed those made by Bruce. She eventually got a sum that was about half the value of the home.

So that's the situation at present. It's a complex area of law that has recently given rise to specialist Family Law divisions within Australia's bigger and more enlightened legal firms, servicing the needs of corporate clients locked in financial and custodial combat with their former partners. But what it all boils down to is that if you're going to scatter your seed across the continent in your quest for fulfillment you'll be picking up a much heavier tab for any progeny you leave behind, and that applies whether you're married or single; and in NSW and Victoria at least, refusing to tie the knot will not necessarily save you from a damagingly costly separation.

So, without being too cold-blooded about this sensitive business, it's pretty obvious that if you're about to step boldly forth into a relationship or marriage you'd

better take some extra steps to protect yourself in the event of a breakdown.

Looking at the *de facto* situation first, there's an increasing tendency in NSW for couples to formalise and regulate their financial affairs by entering into "Cohabitation and Separation Agreements" at the start of the relationship or while it's in progress. As long as the Agreement is drawn up in accordance with the Act and properly certified by a solicitor, the couple can side-step the agony of drawn-out court proceedings under a regime that they'd rather have nothing to do with.

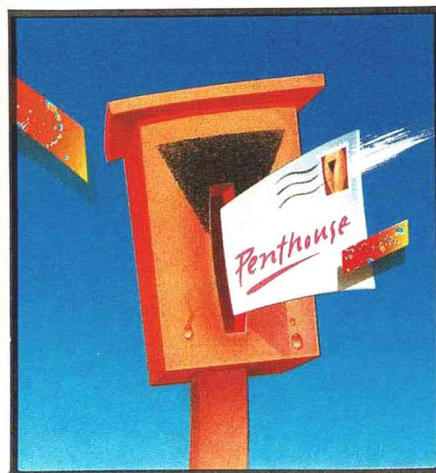
Some years ago there were concerns that these Agreements were not in line with community standards, but in these more enlightened times it's recognised that one or other of the partners in a *de facto* situation can suffer hardship after a break-up. So the NSW Law Reform Commission said in its report on *de facto* relationships: "We have recommended that Cohabitation and Separation Agreements should be enforceable and should not be struck down on the grounds that they may infringe any principle of public policy... We have recommended that provided the partners have received advice on appropriate matters, the terms of the agreement should prevail over the power of the court to order financial adjustment." In 99 percent of cases in NSW the court will simply go with the flow and order that the properly drawn Agreement be implemented.

Agreements are also useful in Victoria, but the court's jurisdiction there can't be ousted so easily. It can consider an agreement, but it isn't obliged to go along with it. In the other states, where *de facto* property settlements go to common law, Agreements may be of limited or no value at all.

Bearing all that in mind, Agreements are obviously most desirable if you have extensive assets or are determined to get them, or you're about to spend a great deal of money. Budding entrepreneurs should take special care that any financial coups they might be planning won't have to be shared with anyone but the taxman.

If all this sounds a shade unromantic — and it is — you've probably been kicking around the planet long enough by now to know that love is not necessarily a permanent condition. Some *de facto* couples are leaving nothing to chance by entering into "Lifestyle Agreements" which provide for such things as division of household chores, how the children will be reared, disciplined and schooled, and even how the family dog will be cared for. As you'd expect, these arrangements are already very popular in the US.

If you've decided to enter into the bonds of matrimony, a "Prenuptial Agreement" can be a very attractive proposition — especially if you've already suffered the



FORUM

Continued from page 16

her breasts. She took her shirt off, and I was faced with the prettiest tits I ever saw. I rubbed her nipples, fascinated by the soft skin of another woman, and she tentatively kissed me on the mouth.

I told Elaine that it was her turn to lie down on the table, and when she did, I kissed my way down to her glistening pussy.

She was so wet with love that I got even more excited and drove my tongue into her waiting hole. I never tasted another woman's come or even touched a

woman down there — it was wonderful. Elaine suggested we get into a sixty-nine, and I did so eagerly!

I never came so much in my life. We were both getting off so much that we didn't hear the timer go off, signalling the end of my appointment. We stopped for fear of her next client, and got dressed. Elaine asked me if I'd like to make a longer appointment next time at the same rate. I told her I never pass up a bargain. I can hardly wait. — *Name and address withheld*

Golden years

With my 50th birthday approaching, I still look good and take care of myself. Unfortunately, I'm sexually unsatisfied. I have been looking for one good man for a long time to fill my needs — and lo and behold, I found two!

It happened one evening when I was home doing the laundry. My phone rang, and it was a man that I had met the other night at a happy hour in a local pub. Pat asked me what I was up to, and wanted to know if my girlfriend and I were interested in meeting him and his friend Tommy for a few drinks. I told him that I would call back after speaking with my friend. My girlfriend wasn't home, so I called Pat back with the bad news. He sounded a little disappointed and said he'd try again sometime.

After talking to Pat, I was lying on the bed, thinking about him and his friend

Tommy. Pat is 29, and Tommy is in his forties. Both of them are tall and good-looking. I wouldn't mind going to bed with either one of them. I knew that they were both great flirts, but I thought that was as far as our relationship would go. While I was pondering these thoughts, the phone rang again. To my surprise, it was Pat. He sounded a little hesitant and asked me if I would care to join him and Tommy for a drink alone. I didn't really want to go out, so he suggested that they come over to my place. Pat thought it would be great if the three of us "got together." Intrigued, I told him it was a fantasy of mine for many years — why not? Pat said it was up to me, and I told him and Tommy to come on over and enjoy my jacuzzi.

As I was putting on my bathing suit, I was filled with mixed emotions: excitement, apprehension — could I handle it? I felt naughty — *I was actually going to do this.*

I walked out to the driveway as they arrived. When Tommy got out of the car, he put his arms around me and kissed me. By now Pat was also there, telling me how great everything was going to be. We walked to my backyard.

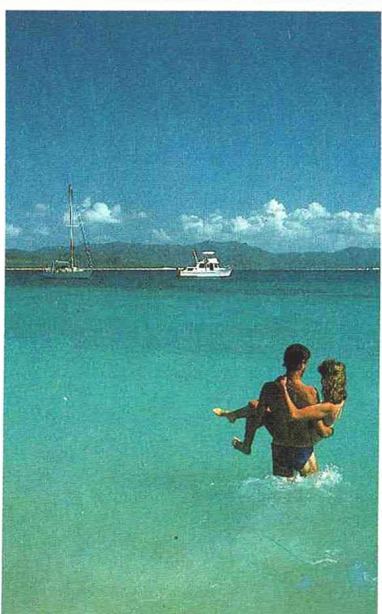
I was a little surprised when Pat, without hesitation, stripped and joined me in the jacuzzi. Tommy was finishing his drink and I urged him to come in. He said, "You still have your suit on." I said, "If you come in with us, I'll take it off!" Needless to say,

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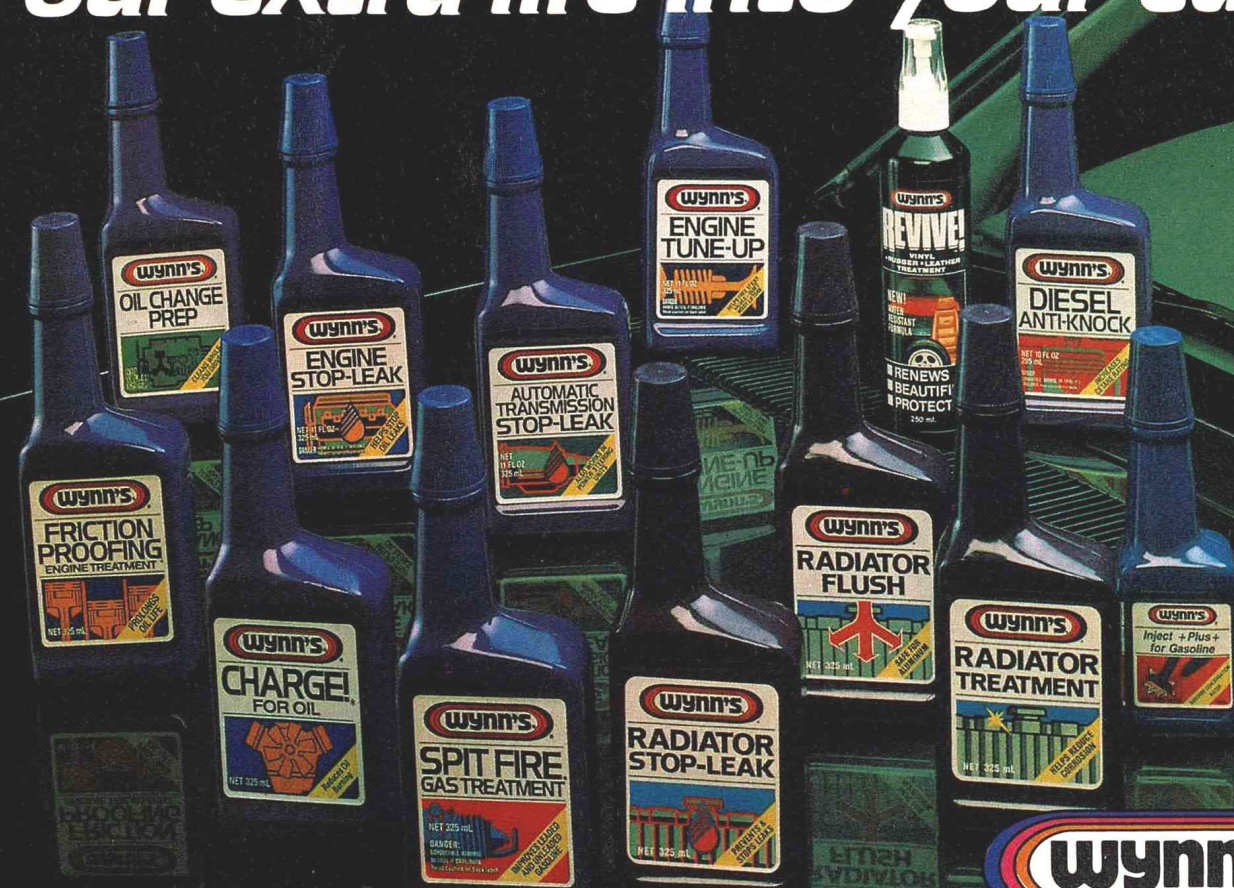
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Continued on page 134

FORUM

Tommy jumped in as if he had a bunsen burner under his behind.

All of a sudden, they were both very close to me, kissing me, touching me, stroking my skin and raising goose bumps all over me. It was such an exhilarating feeling, having two men touch me at the same time, that my senses were reeling in anticipation of what would happen next. They were both gentle, sensuous, and seething with sexuality. I kissed first one, then the other; they both kissed me at the same time. Tommy began rubbing my pussy, and Pat was licking and sucking my ample tits. Tommy positioned himself to enter me and I moved away, still unsure of myself in this situation. Tommy felt my awkwardness and put his cock in my hand. I stroked it and reached for Pat's tool with my other hand. It was totally exciting to have a hard dick in each hand!

Tommy was getting really hot and moved toward me. He caressed me all over and finally entered me. It was the height of excitement to have Tommy moving inside of me and Pat watching us. Then Pat wanted me, so Tommy pulled out and Pat moved between my legs and entered my hot pussy. I kept stroking Tommy's throbbing cock while Pat fucked me. The water was splashing — the sensation of having sex with two men was really getting me off. I suggested that we retire to my bedroom, due to the fact that we were getting quite noisy and the neighbors might decide to take a peek.

Tommy wrapped a towel around me and we walked into my house. Once inside, the

towels dropped. I bent down to give Pat a little head, and Tommy positioned himself behind me. Ohhh . . . this was delicious! Tommy told me that they would do whatever I wanted. I replied, "I want you both in my bed." So all three of us headed for my bedroom, and I left the lights on, so I could see everything that was going to happen.

Pat was immediately at my pussy with his mouth, licking and sucking on my sensitive part as I licked Tommy's wet dick. When Pat moved away, Tommy entered me in a flash, pumping and heaving. Pat was now at my breasts. This was the complete answer to a horny woman's prayer. Pat straddled me and put his cock in my mouth. I teased his dick with my tongue, tasting the droplets of juice, while Tommy was pumping inside of me. I was alive with sensation. With no regrets, we just let it all go. We sucked and fucked and changed positions constantly.

I finally told Tommy that I wanted to get on top of him, and he rolled over so I could mount his cock — my favorite position! They kept talking sexy talk, telling me things that absolutely turned me on. I started to come, one of those slow-building, intensely shattering orgasms. They both urged me on. I finally succumbed to the best orgasm I ever had — it was the ride of a lifetime. I thought it was all over, but when I fell away from Tommy, Pat was mounting me for another feverish ride. Tommy licked my tits and put his raging hard-on to my lips while Pat moved slowly all the way in and all the way out of me. It was too fantastic, and we all built up to an earth-shattering climax.

We decided to take a brief respite and have a drink and a cigarette. We talked

and laughed and had a wonderful time. I was lying between them, and turned to Tommy. He had just poured himself another glass of wine, and he put his cock in it. My lips were willing and my tongue wanted to taste the length of him. As I licked the wine off Tommy, Pat entered me from behind. The more I became aroused by Pat's movement, the better head I gave Tommy. Again we all became passionately involved with reaching our peaks until another mind-bending climax did us in.

I felt totally satisfied after our episode. Tommy and Pat were so happy, they decided they'd like to see me on a regular basis. I even suggested getting my girlfriend involved. But that would be another trip to the outer limits of sanity, and who knows — maybe another Forum letter! — *Name and address withheld*

Dream deal

I'm a very attractive 26-year-old woman who has just had a very unusual experience.

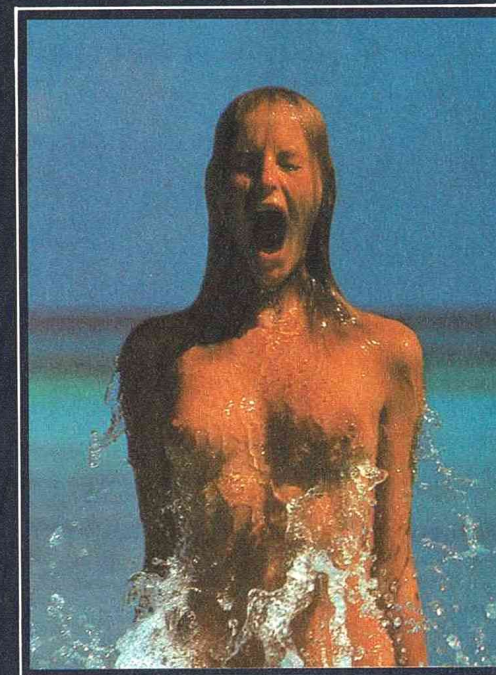
I've been married for three years to what has turned out to be a real jerk. My husband won't let me do anything on my own. He makes me completely dependent on him and his money. About four days ago, I bought a new car without my husband's knowledge. When I got home and showed it to him, he went nuts. He said that I was a fool and that I got screwed by the dealer. He told me to take the car back, void the contract, and get a refund on the cash that I gave them. If I didn't accomplish this, then I was to live in the car and never come back.

I went to the sales manager at the dealership and he couldn't help me; so I asked to see the general manager. The sales manager set up a meeting and walked me to the general manager's office and introduced me. The sales manager left, shutting the door behind him, which made me very nervous.

The general manager, whom I'll call Rick, seemed very nice. He looked to be 36 or 37, with light-brown hair and very nice blue eyes. He stood about six feet tall and was a little overweight, but not unattractively so. I could tell by the way he moved that he was athletic and energetic. He had boyish good looks and a wonderful smile. I liked him right off.

I explained my problem, and as I did so, my eyes began to tear and I got emotional. I told him that I would do anything to get out of the deal. I couldn't believe his next question. He asked me what I meant by "anything." In answering him, I gave him the low end of what I would do — I told him that if necessary, I'd take off my clothes and make love to him right there on his desk. He said, "Okay, take off your clothes." At first I was pissed off; if I'd had a gun I'd have shot him. But as I looked into his eyes, I started to get aroused. *This is crazy, I thought. I don't even know this*

THE PIRELLI CALENDAR ALBUM



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FORUM

guy. Yet I could feel my pussy begin to tingle and get wet, and because I was not wearing any under-garments, I knew this might cause me some embarrassment.

I thought of my arse hole husband, and that was all it took. I got up, locked the door, and started unbuttoning my blouse. I tried to stare into his eyes, but I only managed this about ten percent of the time; the other 90 percent, his eyes were glued to my breasts. When I got to the last button, he was able to see the inside cleavage of my breasts. I asked him if he'd like to see them. He looked up at me, smiled, and said he'd love to do more than look. I opened my blouse, exposing my breasts to a total stranger. His breathing paused as he looked at me, and he started to get up to touch me. I told him to sit back and relax, that I wanted to finish undressing, and then he could have me.

I never stopped trying to look into his eyes, but he rarely took his off my body. I unbuttoned the top of my slacks and pulled the zipper down, letting them fall to the floor.

At this point I was so hot, you could have lit a match on my pussy. I think he was very surprised and excited to discover that I wasn't wearing any panties. I was so turned on that I started to touch my breasts. Fondling my breasts really got me going. I could feel my face begin to flush, and my pussy was dripping juice down my legs. I couldn't help myself; I went right for my pussy with my hand and started rubbing it. I thought I was going to come right there on the spot. My activities must have really turned Rick on, because he suddenly unzipped his pants and pulled out his prick — and what a prick it was. It wasn't the longest dick I've seen, but it was thick and had a beautiful head. Now it was my turn to stare. I truly love to suck cock, especially one as pretty as his. It was perfect!

I haven't had but three other men in my life, but all three said that I give the best blowjob in the world... and I do. I was entranced by Rick's penis. I couldn't wait to take it in my mouth and make him come. I stepped toward him, knelt down in front of him, sat down on my heels, and took his cock in my hand, blowing gently on it, not believing what I was about to do. In a voice just above a whisper, he started giving me directions on how to suck him off. I informed him that I didn't need any advice on how to suck a dick. I started by sticking my tongue out and moving it quickly back and forth, making initial contact on the underside where his shaft meets the head. I kept my tongue in action and slowly moved my mouth down towards his balls. When I got to the bottom of his shaft, I started to slowly stroke his cock while tonguing him nonstop.

I was really getting to him. His prick was

so hard, I thought it was about to explode, and his breathing was getting very rapid. I knew I had him when he breathlessly pleaded with me to continue; but to tease him, I said that if he asked again, he'd never feel the inside of my mouth. I told him to take off his pants so I could get to his balls, and I'd give him the blowjob of his life. He quickly complied and was sitting in front of me, naked from the waist down. I decided I would tease him some more. I sat up off my heels, took his beautiful cock in my hand, leaned forward, and rubbed the end of his love tool around my nipples. I don't have big boobs, but I have great nipples. They look great and they're very sensitive. As I rubbed his cock against my breasts, my nipples began to ache — not a bad ache, just a very pleasant ache. I was getting so hot from this activity that I thought I was going to come. If I'd have had three more minutes, I'm sure I would have, but I felt his cock start to swell and I knew he was going to come first. I quickly grabbed the tip and squeezed as hard as I dared, to keep him from coming. I could feel his cock pulsating, trying its best to spit out the semen within — but I refused to be cheated out of sucking him to orgasm. His near climax finally subsided, and when I let go of his dick, some come came out, not a whole load. Not wanting it to go to waste, I took his dick and spread the juice all over my breasts. It was a great feeling, rubbing his cock on my nipples.

The more I rubbed the closer I got to coming.

I decided that I wanted him to suck on my nipples; so I stood up and asked him, how would he like to taste my breasts? In two seconds he had my nipples in his mouth and his hands were rubbing my butt. He was really good at sucking titties. He'd gently suck and then twirl his tongue around one nipple, and then move to the other and then back again. While all this was going on, his hands were expertly massaging the cheeks of my butt. He did this in such a way that with each squeeze, I'd feel a tug on my pussy. To say I was going out of my mind was an understatement. Then he took his hand and went right for my pussy, and when his fingers found their mark (my clitoris) I lost control. I remember hugging his head hard against my breasts when the best orgasm of my life washed over me. I could feel my skin getting hotter as the blood rushed to my face. I could feel his fingers slipping quickly in and out of my vagina. I could feel the constant pressure and rubbing of his palm against my clit, and then I felt I was floating, not quite sure where I was. When I finished coming I was on my knees again, with my head in his lap, not quite remembering how I got there. Against my face was his gorgeous cock. I wanted to devour it, so I started sucking and jacking him like I'd never done before.

He told me that he was about to come,

but not to worry, he wouldn't come in my mouth. I told him that I'd know when he was going to come and that he shouldn't worry — I wanted him to come in my mouth. In fact, I wanted him to see his come go into my mouth. I wanted him to see me swallow it. Talking about his coming in my mouth must have been the icing on the cake, because I could feel his cock begin to swell and harden again. I put my head back, opened my mouth wide so that he would have a good view, put my tongue out as if it were a "Well Come" mat, and rested his fat cockhead on my tongue. I then began to stroke him, and I knew I wouldn't have to do it many more times before he came. It was fantastic! The first burst of hot come hit the roof of my mouth, and the rest went on my tongue or down my throat. During his orgasm I watched his face, and he never took his eyes from his prick and my mouth. When his cock stopped spurting, I brought my head upright, swallowed, licked my lips, and smiled up at him as I leisurely sucked his cock back into my mouth to make sure I didn't miss anything. I literally sucked him dry.

Rick called his sales manager and told him to give me all my money back and to void the contract. I called my husband to say that he could come and pick me up, that I had done what he'd asked. (If he only knew what else I'd done!) — Name and address withheld

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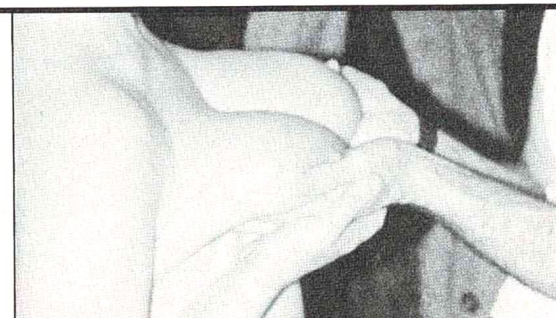
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Warm Front

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

Every so often a woman happens along to inspire a man to new heights of expression. And every so often a woman happens along to exhaust the same. Julie Kruis is such a candidate. If women were weather, Julie is the heat wave to get anyone in a lather. She's modest about it — but she knows what's going on . . .





"To tell the truth, I've found it hard to keep girlfriends. I think I've caused some embarrassing situations when I've been out, because sometimes other girls' men seem to pay more attention to me than their partners. That can get a little awkward."





Despite her stunning looks, Julie never thought she'd wind up revealing all. "If these pictures surprise anyone, then it's going to be me," she says.



LOVE b i t e

Continued from page 122

trauma of a marital breakdown and the subsequent legal bunfight. A Prenuptial Agreement relating to distribution of property is not a way of totally excluding the Family Court. But a properly drawn Agreement setting out precisely who owned what at the start of the marriage and precisely how the partners would like to distribute those assets in the event of a divorce will often be given great weight by the court — especially in cases where marital bliss fizzled early and went down without a trace.

A Prenuptial Agreement can thwart any attempts by a gold-digging spouse to separate you from your property. The problem with all these sorts of Agreements, though, is that they have to be continually updated to take account of children born, loss of employment by you or your spouse, acquisition of further assets, and so on. Otherwise the court may consider the Agreement of no value because it doesn't accurately reflect the situation at the time of the breakdown.

The other area you should look closely at is the structure of your business affairs. Ideally you should ensure that any corporate or trust structure is set up prior to the start of a relationship or marriage. If that's

not possible, at least get the act together well before any hint of discontent. Ensure that your wife has no connection whatsoever with any companies or trusts in which you're involved. If you make the mistake of allowing your spouse to be an appointor or guardian of a trust, it will prevent you from having the power to control the entire operation of the business and effectively hinder your financial independence.

The Family Court has extensive powers to enquire into and set aside corporate and trust structures. So if you want to protect your assets the idea is to distance yourself from any of the companies or trusts holding the assets. Ideally, trusted friends or professional advisers should act as directors and shareholders of companies, and you should not appear as an appointor or guardian of a trust. The more removed you are from effective control of a company or trust, the harder it will be for the court to lift the corporate veil and divide the company or trust assets. Apart from that you should also be able to show that the corporate or trust structure has been established for a *bona fide* purpose such as a tax benefit.

Often a husband and wife, early in the throes of marital bliss, will set up a business partnership as equal shareholders or directors. If you do this and the rot subsequently sets in you might find your business severely hampered by the refusal of your hostile spouse to sign transfers or guarantees. So don't form a business partnership with your wife or partner and try to keep a respectable distance between the bedroom and the boardroom. The less you tell her about your business affairs, the better.

If you do find yourself on the receiving end of a property application and you haven't structured your affairs to your own advantage, get hold of an experienced Family lawyer and, if there are significant assets, a competent accountant to act on your behalf. With two good men on your team you can at least minimise the damage that the Family Court can inflict.

Once the battle has begun, don't fall into the trap of trying to hide any assets. It doesn't pay to conveniently forget an asset on the assumption your wife didn't know about it. If her advisers are on the ball you could easily be caught out. For instance, you might have chosen not to disclose certain bank accounts or shareholdings. Your spouse's legal adviser might happen to peruse taxation returns or loan applications you've submitted to various financial institutions. That tax return might disclose interest you received from a bank account; the loan application might show that you have other funds invested. If that happens your downfall is guaranteed.

Less than four percent of feuding spouses end up having a judge of the Family Court determine who gets what after a defended hearing. Mostly they pre-

fer to make a settlement with the help of their legal advisers. This will minimise the damage to an aspiring exec concerned about the effect of a break-up on his climb up the corporate ladder. Additionally, in some cases the tax man has happened to have gotten hold of damaging information as to a family's financial dealings through matters being aired in open court. Most importantly, it avoids days or weeks of expensive litigation. But there are always cases where the warring parties are so hell-bent on destroying each other that there's no option but to dump the whole mess in the lap of a judge.

What of the future? It looks very much as though men are going to be subjected to a further tightening of the screws. In 1987 the Australian Law Reform Commission suggested extensive amendments to the way property is reallocated after a marriage breakdown. The recommendations were based on the finding that after separation, men living alone or as sole parents considerably improved their living standards, whereas women living alone or as sole parents suffered a drastic fall in living standards. No less than 41 percent of women living alone, and 35 percent of all single parents, were living below the poverty line. Women were still primarily responsible for care of the kids, and that prevented them from getting the skills they'd need to command a good wage.

The Federal Government has yet to act on the Commission's proposals, but you can be sure that any amendments in the future will be aimed at a more equitable division of property. Basically, the law is moving to a position where a husband will not be able to acquire and accumulate money after a separation at the expense of his estranged wife and children. Already it's increasingly hard to sever the financial ties between a husband and wife unless the court is satisfied that the wife will be able to support herself without a government pension or allowance.

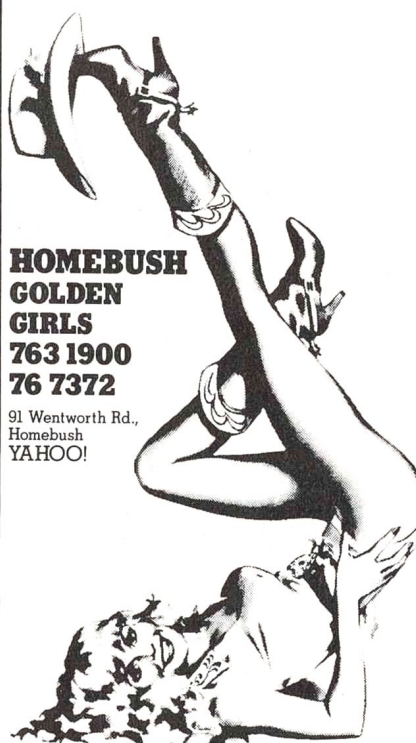
According to a leading Melbourne Family Law barrister, "Women are slowly becoming more aware of their rights. Although in general they remain ignorant of most business matters, if they are prepared to take advice, and provided they have the emotional stamina to see proceedings through, they will generally be rewarded by the Family Court."

And all of this, of course, is pretty much as it should be. If women have been favored in the past when it came to custody and access to children, men have generally been in the box seat in financial terms. However, if you're the kind of guy who wants to keep that box seat reserved indefinitely, your options are obvious: don't get involved with women; if you must (and what's the use of living otherwise?), don't live together; if you must, don't get married; and if you must, then at least prepare yourself for the worst of all possible outcomes. 

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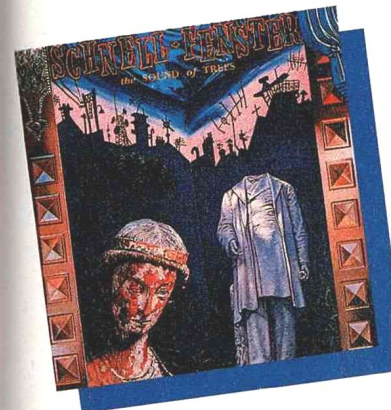
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SOUNDS

PSYCHEDELIC FLAIR

Gathering up the split enz of their fabled old outfit, Messrs Crombie, Grigg, and Judd along with newcomer Michael den Elzen have rallied under the catch cry **Schnell Fenster**. Good for summoning up lost cousins of the Addam's Family, it could also be useful in procuring *The Sound Of Trees* (EMI).



These are like the follow up tracks The Enz never made to "Dirty Creature." Their psychedelic flair harkens back to Pink Floyd circa *Relics* when Syd Barret was still on the sociable side of too much acid and insanity. Presided over by Phil Judd's querulous, nasal vocals they're brooding, beaty, sometimes brassy, as well as sustaining moments like the dreamy ache of "Long Way Away." Crombie was responsible for the Enz look, and Judd's artwork graced that band's discs as well. In S. Fenster these quirky minds are still skipping down that stylish road but with a more mature step.

Veteran whacker **Frank Zappa** celebrates 20 years of touring craziness with the first of six double CDs — *You Can't Do That On Stage Anymore Vol 1* — (Rykodisc). This initial release offers tracks recorded on all manner of devices from 1968 to '82 featuring all of Zappa's celebrated line-ups from the original Mothers Of Invention on. If 13 hours of this manic, crazed chat show is not enough there's his double CD *Guitar Rykodisc* — Solos recorded 1979 to '84 (a sequel to his *Shut Up 'N' Play Yer Guitar* of 1978).

Living Color look like four funky black dudes from New York, but their *Vivid* (Epic) debut

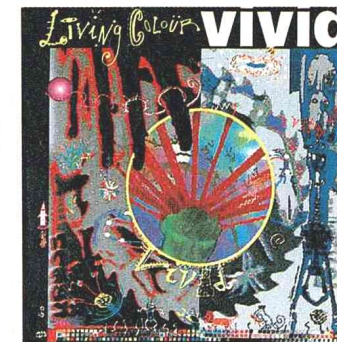
is rooted in the classic guitar/bass/drums format of heavy rock. Their redeeming feature, apart from the obvious musicianship, is their avoidance of the classic, gothic misogyny of metal — welcome contrasts to their preferred powerhouse riffing.

Principal buzz in London band **Voice Of The Beehive** comes from its queens Tracy Bryn and Melissa Belland. Their gaudy style and sense of humor mesh well with the musical punch of guitarist Mike Jones on their debut *Let It Bee* (London). In another age they may have gone the way of the B52s (quintessential beehived kitsch). As it is, they mix girly pop with the presence of the Pretenders and a respectful tugging of their fringes in the direction of earlier possible inspiration — The Kinks.

A gentler, country-influenced **Marti Jones** has, with producer Don Dixon (REM), crafted some fine versions of theirs and others' views of love. They may be wielding *Used Guitars* (A&M) but have managed fresh versions of old moments. The conspiratorial intimacy in her delivery is like she's crooning in a late night bar.

Others are also *Wide Awake In Dreamland* (Chrysalis) though in **Pat Benatar's** case she's probably being kept up by hubby Neil's guitar playing — a keen exponent of the steady, voluminous rock chugg. Ms Benatar wraps her refined bellow around gutsy, real concepts.

Firm but kind hands pluck and strum acoustic guitars at the **Go-Betweens'** new address *16 Lovers Lane* (Mushroom) — while from an upstairs window comes the lilting strains of Amanda Brown's violin. The production on this effort is (finally) strong and clear, which highlights the fact even more that Robert Forster's vocals are an acquired taste — like chocolate-covered sardines.

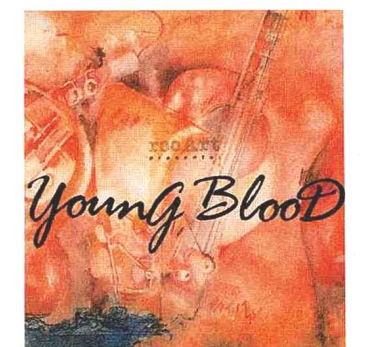
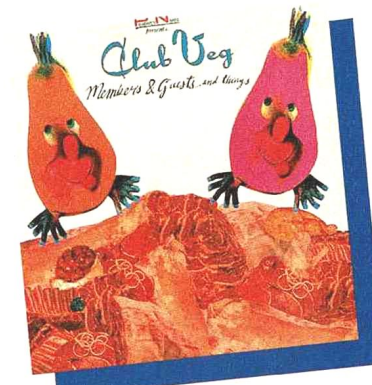


Comedy duo **Club Veg** have carved a smegma-lined swath through the Sydney radio airwaves on JJJ, SM, and now MMM. They threatened to let us in on how to cultivate viruses in your refrigerator, snot modelling, and igloo building in the tropics amongst other essential activities. Thankfully these finely tuned if sick minds have gone no further than to commit their inspired banalities to disc featuring *Members And Guests ... And Things* (Virgin).

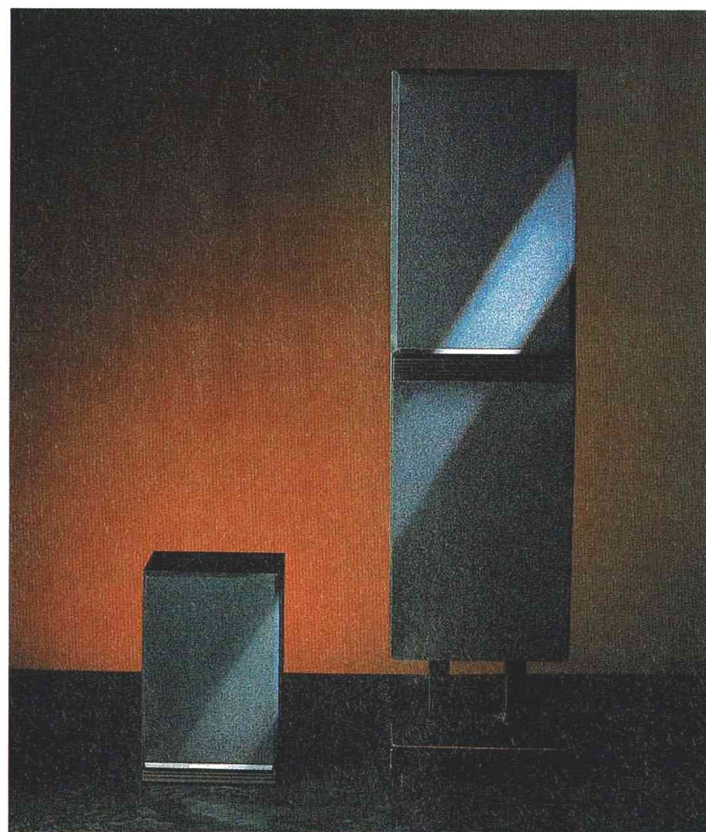
Local band **The Sparklers** have finally generated a debut album of engaging diversity despite its limited production values. *Persuasion* (Mighty Boy) still has the soul/blues feel of the original band but the addition of a keyboard player who knows about modern sounds has helped the unit to gel. The rhythm section's past as Sunny Boys is evident in the up-tempo pump of "Physical Game", but they've obviously expanded their horizons since then. Still, the brightest sparkle comes from singer/songwriter Melanie Oxley whose smokey voice can rise to a suitably raucous growl when needed.

The first release from the rooArt label, established by INXS manager Chris Murphy and cronies to foster local talent, is *Young Blood* (rooArt). This compilation features largely the "inner city sound" that most ignorant or shackled radio programmers wouldn't touch with a large stick. — *Jeremy Cook*

Clockwise from far left: Quirky style from Schnell Fenster; Heavy but with contrast from Living Color; Club Veg — inspired banality; Inner city compilation from the rooArt label.



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When it comes to classic movie monsters, we're basically looking at two schools of fright. In the first you've got your really big monsters that can knock over buildings and stuff, your flying monsters and your cunning creatures that invade your body when you're not paying attention. This is the club that contains the original hairy situation, King Kong, his Eastern buddy Godzilla, any number of vampires, *Alien*, *The Thing*, bodysnatching pods, and Mothra, the Mortein-resistant Japanese terror that could simply ruin a good suit.

The other school of scaremongers contains all those really slow monsters, the ones you could quite feasibly kick in the balls, should you wish to, before beating your retreat — on foot, of course, because as everyone knows when there's a slow monster around the damned car never starts. This group of slowpokes boasts *The Mummy*, *Frankenstein*, *Triffids*, *The Creature From The Black Lagoon* (on land) and that infamous refugee from a bubble gum factory, *The Blob*.

In the case of *The Blob* you didn't have to run away — you could dawdle away and do a bit of window shopping while you were at it. The old kick in the groin routine was out, though, firstly because this was about the only surefire way of getting blobbed, and secondly because — in more ways than one — the big blancmange didn't have any balls.

Thankfully, this inherent lack of potency has been redressed for the remake of *The Blob*, starring Kevin Dillon and Shawnee Smith. Whereas *The Blob* of 30 years ago had a repertoire of two tricks — being able to look like either firm Aeroplane jelly or runny strawberry flummery — the new improved Blob can drop from the ceiling on to people's heads, swim through sewers with all the skill of a gooey pink Dawn Frazer, exude acid at will and throw out tendrils to whip the slow and unwary into its blobness. Yes indeed, the new Blob is a whole new kettle of jellyfish.

Following the storyline of the

original, *The Blob* choofs in from space and gobbles up the first silly goose to poke a stick at it. A handsome and decent football hero is next on the menu before the amorphous villain snacks on that firm favorite among hungry movie monsters, a couple necking in a car. Entrees over, the gelatinous creature begins its smear campaign in earnest, blobbing the town sheriff and his nice girlfriend just to show he means business. Having dispatched all the nice guys, the role of hero falls to the town delinquent, a misunderstood leather-jacketed rebel who teams up with a gorgeous, gutsy cheerleader for a showdown at the KY corral.

Director/screenwriter Chuck Russell has pilfered shamelessly from other creature classics, most notably *Alien* and *Aliens*, to beef up his new Blob. Modern special effects help a lot, of course, but these have been tailored to recapture some of the original film's hilarious B-grade appeal. Lots and lots of slimy fun.

If your taste in creatures runs more to those that really suck, sink your teeth into *Fright Night Part II*, in which Roddy McDowell and William Ragsdale team up anew to battle a gaggle of cool and groovy vampires. Boasting possibly the sexiest vampiress ever (Julie Carmen as the raunchy Regine) and a varied and amusing clutch of other undead characters, the film combines gore, guffaws and funky score — not to mention superb special effects courtesy of Rick Josephson. Directed by Tommy Lee Wallace, this one offers good value and plenty of chewy bits for fright fans.

Moving right along from horror to pretty horrible we encounter *Nico*, a Ramboesque foray starring chisel-chinned real-life martial arts expert Steven Seagal. Bulk blood spilled, all in the name of truth, justice and the American way. Charlie Bronson, Chuck Norris and Sly Stallone have nothing to fear from this latest hairy-chested contender.

For great value take in *Married To The Mob*, director Jonathon

FILM

SCARED WITLESS



Demme's clever and sassy Mafia movie with effervescence enough to render *Prizzi's Honor* a mere fizzer. Michelle Pfeiffer, ever gorgeous, outdoes herself here as the mob wife. Matthew Modine as a straight guy undercover Fed and Dean Stockwell as the mob boss complete a chemically compatible trio. In Family lingo, we're talking about a hit.

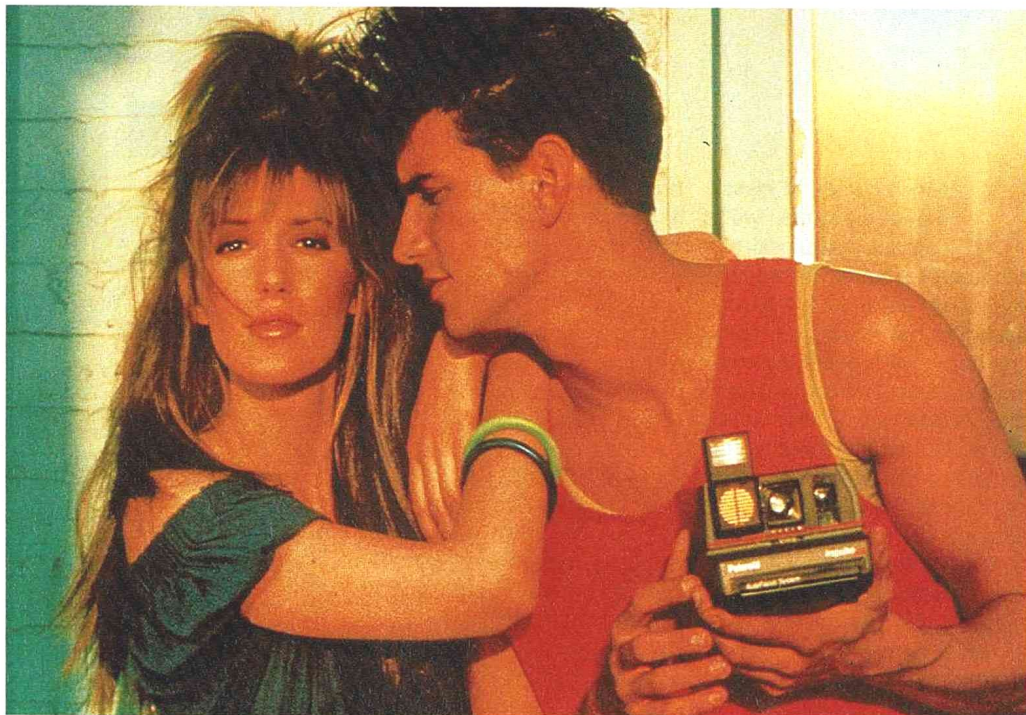
Last and indeed least is *Funny Farm*, yet another tawdry and terminally inane supposed comedy starring Chevy Chase. Sure to do good custom when it reaches the video shelves, this one should be avoided in the cinemas should you wish to save your money and your patience. About as funny as pus. — C.J. Mackay



From the top: Chuck Russell's new-look Blob before it has eaten; The dire consequences of being Blobbed; Grisly SFX in *Fright Night Part II*.

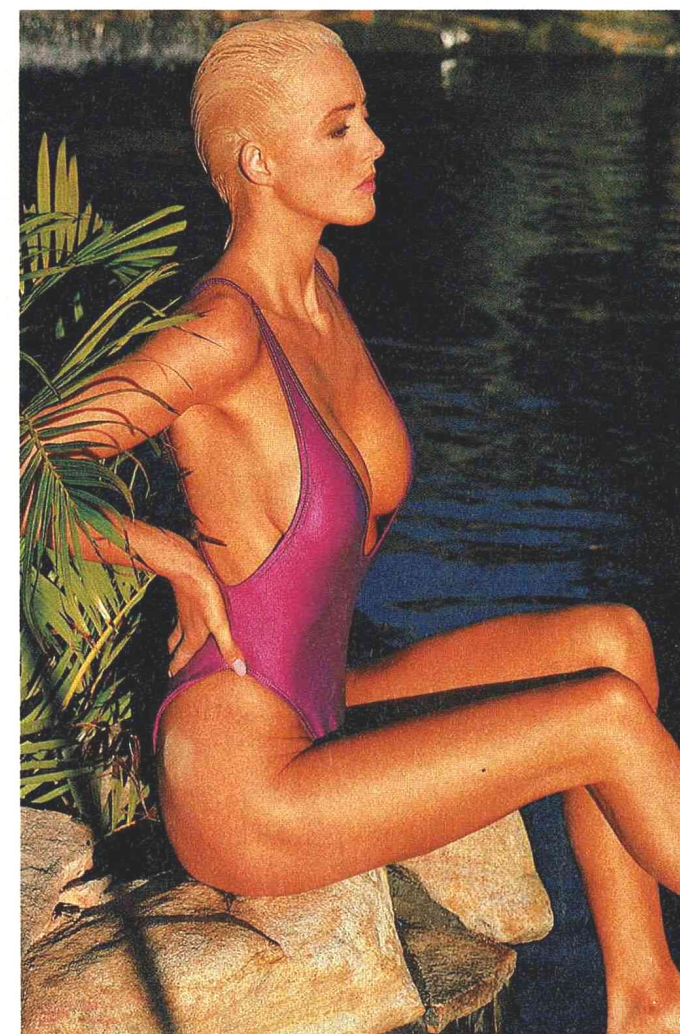
CLICK ZZZZZZ

Those marketing animals at Polaroid have now introduced the affordable and fully automatic Impulse models for the young snappy set. Available in two levels of sophistication to cater for different budgets, a fixed focus model sells for around \$100 and the sonar autofocus model goes for around \$170. In lustre grey, burgundy, lapis blue, jade green and black, both models incorporate advanced photographer-friendly features and both deliver sharp, colorful prints that self-develop in 90 seconds.



WET LOOK

Tissot, the company that gave us the Rock Watch, has just introduced Seaworld, a novel range of watches crafted in Australian natural products. Each of the three timepieces in the new range features a mother of pearl face. You can choose from natural white, dark grey and warm brown. Blue and black hands are said to reflect the colors of the sea and all Seaworld watches have Australian sharkskin bands. These Swiss crafted watches sell for around \$350 at good department stores, jewellers and selected duty free outlets.



RUNNING BARE

You don't have to be eagle-eyed to recognise the superb figure of Terri, *Penthouse* covergirl last month. But take another look, as if we need suggest it, at the outfit which complements that girl. It's from Running Bare, one of the more exciting ranges of swim and action wear currently available nationally. All Australian designed and made, it's a range which puts fashion into functionality.

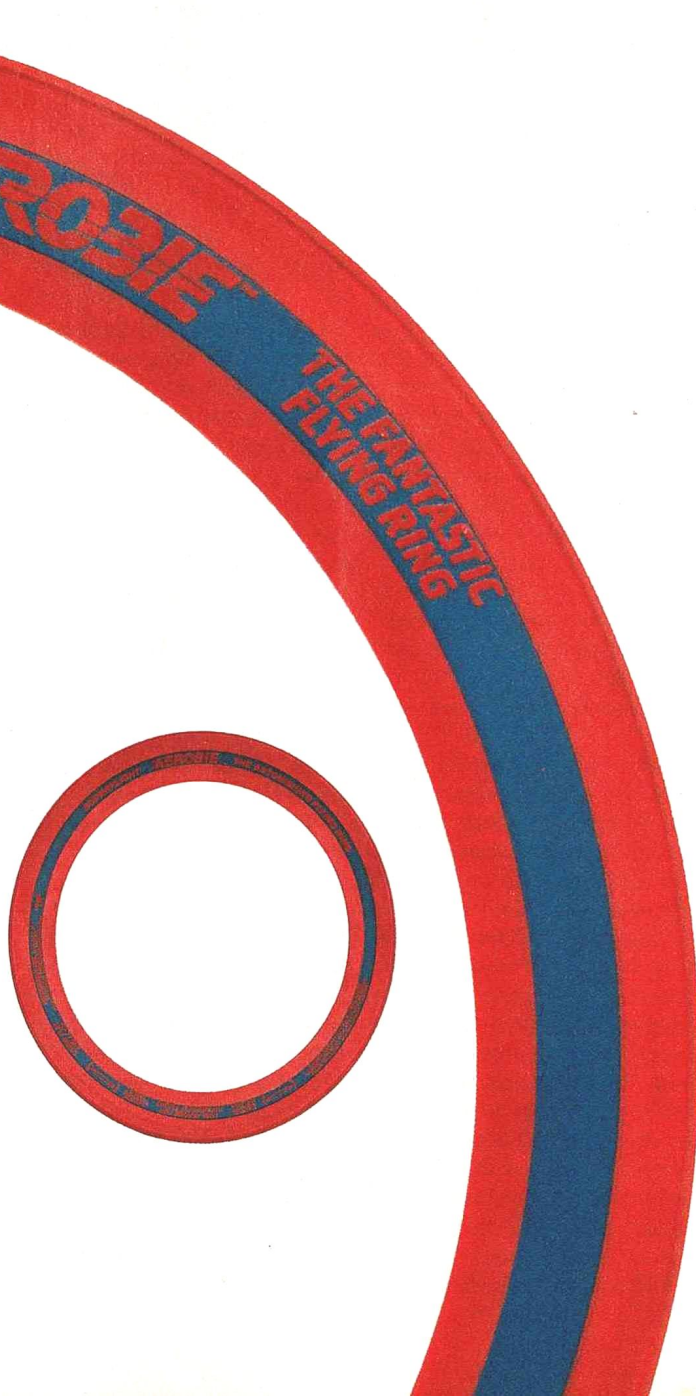


STOP THE DROP

Vivagen Hair Enrichment Treatment from Redken has been designed to cut your losses in the hair department. Formulated with calcium-binding compounds and designed to keep hair free from damaging mineral deposits, this ongoing treatment program helps create an environment where hair can thrive. Vivagen sells for \$49.95 at Redken hairdressing salons.

FANTASTIC PLASTIC

The first time you see an Aerobie in flight you'll want one. This is the number that's flown its way into the *Guinness Book Of Records* for the longest throw of any object in history — an incredible 342.9 metres. It just goes and goes. A soft outer of plastic makes it easy on the hand and adjustable for an even keel. It's as easy to throw as a conventional disc, but use of NASA's aerodynamics experts has created the ultimate fun machine for beach hi-jinx. Be assured it won't decapitate the unwitting — and be assured there's a fair bit of sprinting in keeping up with the thing. Comes in two sizes and is available from great toy shops and the occasional sporting store that has its act together.



WHEELS TO GO

South Australian company Mullins Wheels Pty Ltd has just released their European-inspired Executive range of alloy wheels. Characterised by smooth lines and sleek finish with black contrast, the size range is 15x7, 15x6, 14x6 and 13x5.5. Available at Bob Jane, Beaurepaire and all leading tyre outlets.

COINTREAU WINNERS

The winners of the Cointreau Competition staged in *Australian Penthouse* last year were: E. Keogh, Wanguri, NT; Sharon Baker, Broome, WA; D. Webb, Bardon, Qld; P. Brudenall, Reid, ACT; J. Tippet, Townsville, Qld; M.A. Frauenfelder, Koorngal, Vic; Peter Bower, Lavender Bay, NSW; Carolyn Filipoff, Northbridge, NSW; Peter Sweeney, St Clair, NSW and W.G. Dick, Cannon Hill, Qld. Each winner receives a 700ml bottle of Cointreau and a Cointreau ice bucket.

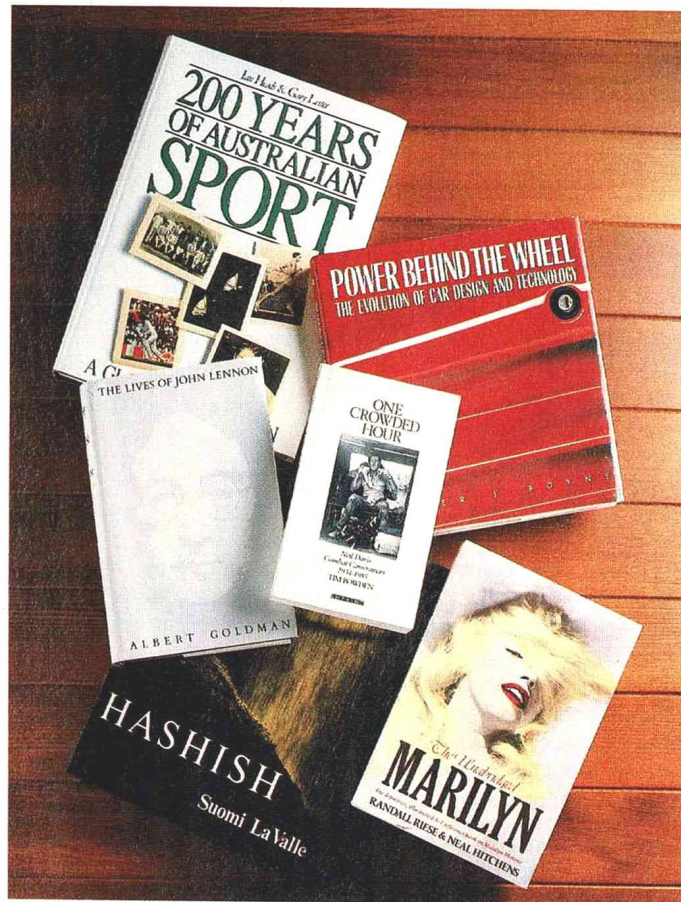


ON THE SCENT

This top gift idea comes courtesy of Lanvin for Men. That's a special brass razor with the kind of substance about it to turn the morning scrape into a pleasurable ritual. But principally, Lanvin is the name associated with an elegant fragrance created by the House of Lanvin, which is celebrating its 100th year. Monsieur Lanvin contains notes of green leaves, evernia clover and sage and was the first men's fragrance created without any floral notes in its composition, giving it a decidedly masculine touch. The whole pack, attractively boxed, is moving fast as it's but \$33 for the kit and caboodle. Best be quick.

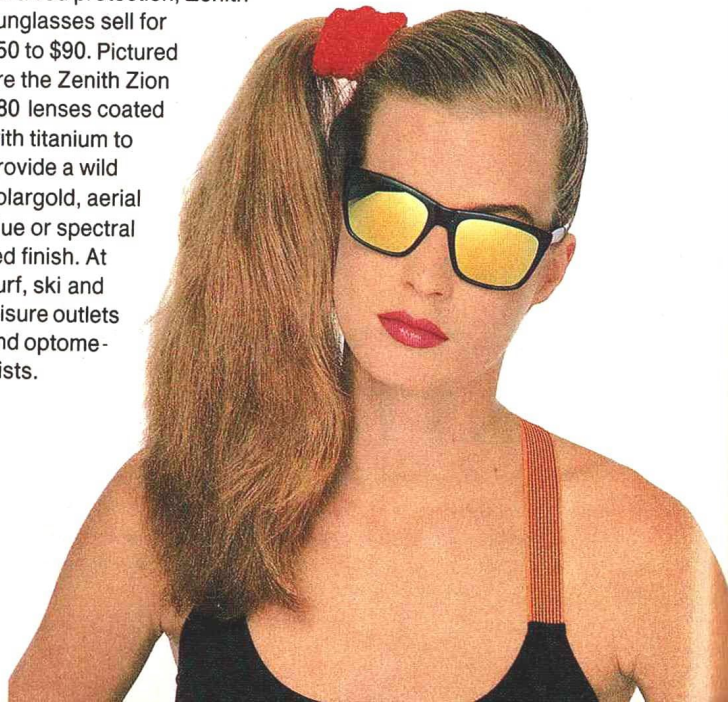
PRESENTS OF MIND

Books are the smart choice for Christmas presents and the only choice for the smart. But what to buy? We've pictured an array of reading matter guaranteed to win friends and influence people when given as gifts. *Penthouse* particularly recommends *One Crowded Hour*, the autobiography of war photographer Neil Davis by author Tim Bowden. All books shown here are currently available in larger bookstores across Australia.



EYE APPEAL

New to the Australian market and set to take on the Bollés, Ray-Bans and Vuarnets of this world comes the Zenith range of protective sunglasses for men and women. In 16 styles and featuring three types of lenses, all of which provide 100 percent ultraviolet and infra-red protection, Zenith sunglasses sell for \$50 to \$90. Pictured are the Zenith Zion 180 lenses coated with titanium to provide a wild solargold, aerial blue or spectral red finish. At surf, ski and leisure outlets and optometrists.



SATIN AFFAIRS

In the past, poor quality, limited lurid color range and shoddy packaging have contributed to the tacky image of satin sheets available in Australia. The release of a new line in locally made satin bedlinen may be just the ticket to inject a little luxury back into the image of these slippery sleep companions. Satin Affairs sheets are now on sale in a range of 12 fashion and decorator colors including elegantly understated shades like champagne, soft apricot and dusty blue. This high quality bedlinen is completely machine washable and beautiful packaging makes sets ideal as gifts. Look for them in department stores nationally.



SNARE GLARE

Here's a snappy accessory you'll see adorning the bodies beautiful this summer. Snare Glare is a nifty device that you thread on to your sunnies. Great for water sports, as it floats most brands of shades; it's also adjustable and comes in a whole array of great fashion colors. And just a few bucks. You'll find them around the traps around the nation.



LIFE'S A BEACH

As they say, inside every wax head is a grommet trying to get out. This array of surfing *shtuff* will ensure you're keeping pace with the trendsetters. Fluoro bags, leg ropes, board covers and wallets from Balin and Ocean & Earth — available at surf shops.





Pet Of The Month Kathy Quinn

COMING IN FEBRUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The Big Beat Up — For every rich and unmarked boxing champion like Jeff Fenech, there are hundreds of kids who embark on a career in the ring with stars in their eyes only to find that boxing is nothing more than a nightmare of corruption and ten counts. Next month's *Australian Penthouse* reveals what happened to some of this country's boxing champions after the bell rang for their final round.

Car Alarms — Should every motor vehicle have one? Australia's shocking car theft statistics indicate that you're mad if you haven't installed an alarm system in your car. But which one? A bewildering array of products ranging in price from \$300 to \$1500 still can't guarantee that your vehicle will be safe. February *Australian Penthouse* points to some of the pitfalls involved in car alarm purchase.

Sex Aids — Did it ever occur to you that if all those potions and lotions sold in sex shops for every kind of sexual ailment actually worked, there'd be no need for sex therapists at all? The same thing occurred to us at *Penthouse*, so we decided to have them chemically analysed to see just what effect, if any, they might have on the business of sexual intercourse. The results are faithfully recorded in next month's issue.

Pet Of The Month — Kathy Quinn brings a touch of class to next month's centrefold. Catch her elegant act in February *Australian Penthouse*.

BLACK CLOUD

Continued from page 108

gang headquarters. (Some of these fortifications would hold out a Panzer attack. The standard model has a five-metre high fence topped with embedded glass or barbed wire, crash-proof gates, floodlighting, watch towers and guard dogs. Some have video security, moats, and in one case, an electrified fence.)

There's evidence of a backlash in the courts, too. One example: Late in 1986 in the North Island town of Taneatua, where race problems are severe, a gang member tried to steal a *Pakeha* farmer's truck. The farmer, evidently a bit of a marksman, slotted three bullets into the front of the truck as it was being backed down his driveway. Another of the bros, Dominic Kaiwhata, came running down the public road when he heard the shots being fired at his mate. He never entered the private property. But when he opened the cabin of the truck, the light illuminated him and he was shot through the head. A jury subsequently found the farmer not guilty of either murder or manslaughter.

There are race problems in the schools, where (according to the radio talkback jocks) Maori and white kids have been fighting like cats and dogs. There is talk of vigilante vengeance among farmers and police. Sporadic reports of Maori bashing, not only in South Auckland, are trickling into the media. There's potential for big trouble between Maori gangs and white racist biker gangs. Fishermen caught up in the dispute over Maori fishing rights have reportedly started taking out their frustrations with their fists.

Ugly stuff. Our little brother across the Tasman is suffering a profound identity crisis. The remedy, if there is to be one, will be painful and protracted.

Ultimately this thing is about power, and power is ultimately about numbers. Seventy-five percent of Maoris are under 25 years old. By the turn of the century, more than one-third of all children born in New Zealand will be Maori. By the year 2040, the Maori will once again be the dominant race in their own land.

Those numbers suggest it's a conservative fantasy to think that this Maori push can be squashed by cute legislative manoeuvres, jackboot law enforcement and Draconian sentencing. It isn't going to happen that way. New Zealand's Minister for Justice, Geoffrey Palmer, acknowledged that the Shaky Isles have never been shakier when he said: "I think it is possible to bring this off. If it isn't we're in trouble, so I have to be optimistic."

Let's hope there's enough optimism, and enough understanding, to go around as New Zealand enters the coming winter of dark discontent. ○—



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Australian
PENTHOUSE

1989

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